

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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DISAPPEARANCE OF AN AEROPLANE

GREAT FLYING MYSTERY

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SOUTHERN CLOUD?

The Australian Bush Searched For Traces of an Air Liner

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT NEAR MELBOURNE

From Our Correspondent in Victoria

If an aeroplane were lost in the country a hundred miles from London it would be found in a few hours, and it is difficult to realise that a plane lost almost within sight of Melbourne could disappear completely.

Yet dozens of parties have been sent in search of the Southern Cloud air liner with no success.

Here is one of the greatest mysteries in the history of flying. On a stormy day this great air liner, travelling from Sydney to Melbourne, disappeared from the sky with its pilots and its passengers, and so far not a soul knows what has happened to it.

Heard But Not Seen

The plane left Sydney at half-past eight in the morning and was due in Melbourne at half-past one. It had on board petrol for seven hours' flying and food for one day. When the plane crossed from New South Wales into Victoria it ran into bad weather. Somewhere above the clouds Pilot Shortbridge circled to find a way out.

He should have come down at Wangaratta for petrol, but though the people of that town heard the powerful engines above the clouds the plane was not seen. Above the rain they heard the roar grow gradually fainter, and they wondered where the Southern Cloud had gone. Where *had* it gone?

At four that afternoon Mr Dunnell, the father of the second pilot, said to his wife: "Something has happened to Charles. For a moment he stood beside me in his grey uniform."

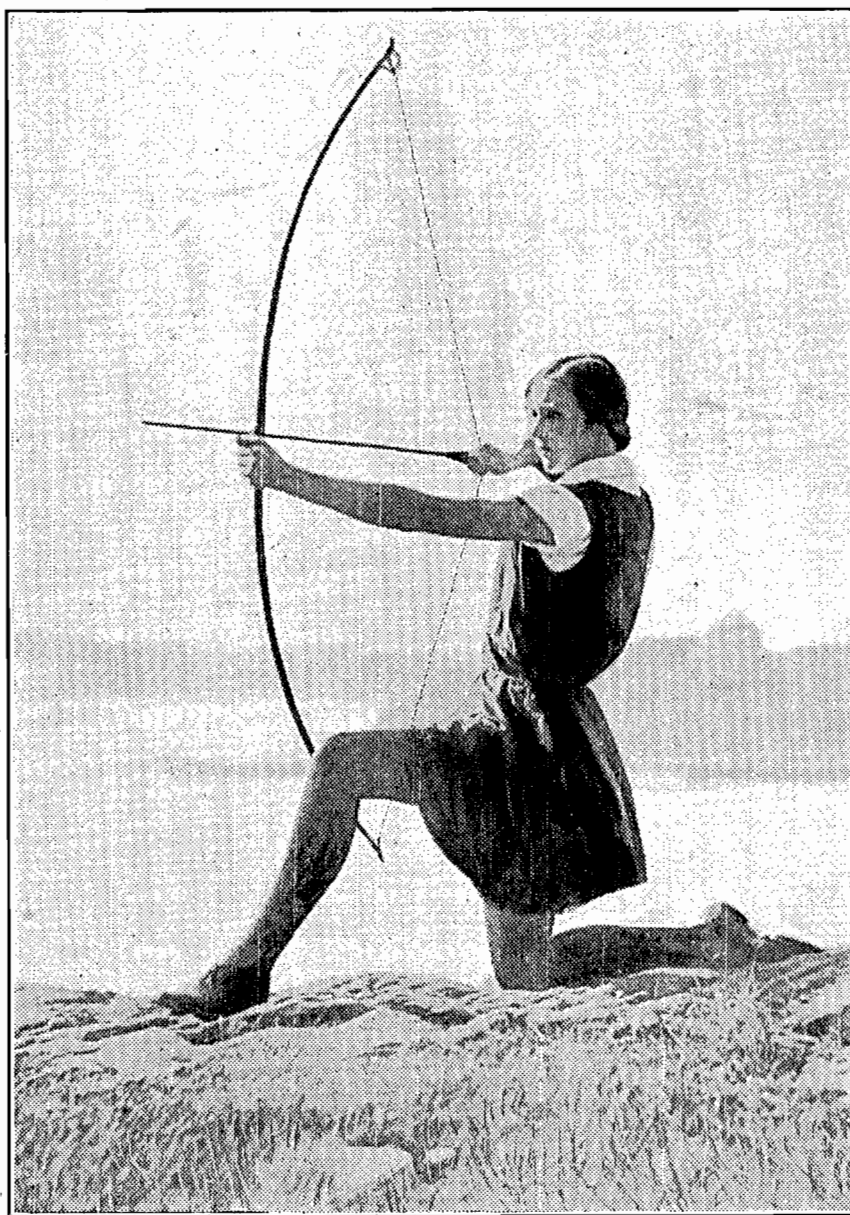
Nothing that his wife could say chased away his fears, and that night they had word that the Southern Cloud was missing, having been last heard of at four in the afternoon.

The Great Search

As soon as the news was published reports began to pour in. From all parts of Victoria people sent letters, telegrams, and telephone messages. Some declared they had seen the Southern Cloud flying over their town; it came out of the clouds, wobbling strangely, and disappeared into the rain. It was even said to have been seen in Melbourne itself, disappearing toward the bay; and to the Civil Aviation Department fell the task of sifting the conflicting reports and directing the great air search.

For fifteen days, from daybreak till dusk, the planes flew over the lonely and

Taking Aim



The girls of a Sydney school are taught archery. One of them, as our picture shows, made quite a statuesque figure as seen at practice on the shore of the harbour.

mountainous country. They did not fly in any haphazard manner. A circle was drawn covering the daily route of the Southern Cloud and those districts into which it might have been blown by high winds; and each pilot was given a minute section of this circle to patrol. Backward and forward the planes swept the sky, sometimes almost brushing the treetops, sometimes swinging above the clouds, a sea of mist with only the mountain-tops peeping through. True Australian bush lay below them, wild and rugged, the mountains and hills thick with timber.

And all the time bushmen and volunteers were tramping the country below. Searchers arrived in vehicles of all kinds, from motor-cars to dilapidated trucks, each man carrying his own provisions. Each party, under the guidance of an experienced bushman, would line up in military formation, and before they spread out, with fifty yards between each, every searcher was given his

number. Each had to keep to his place and number as a precaution against getting lost, and as they made their way through the dense scrub there were cries of "Are you there, Seven? Are you there, Five?" and a responding Coo-ee.

Thirty miles away was the city of Melbourne, with a population of over a million and every modern luxury; but here it was virgin, almost impenetrable, country, and some of the forests had never before been trodden by white men. The searchers came back with stories of giant timber, of wild reindeer, and of creeks brimful of trout. Old mining shafts they found, too, for gold takes men to strange and lonely places.

But never a trace was found of the Southern Cloud. It may have crashed into a hill hidden by the rain and gone up in flames, or it may have flown too far south and vanished in the ocean. The search has now ceased; but who can cease wondering over the fate of this great air liner?

THE FARMER CALLS ON HIS LANDLORD

RAISING THE RENT

One of the Good Little Deeds in the Bad World of Prices

A TARIFF STORY

From a Paris Correspondent

I have been to visit Farmer Leveque, and Farmer Leveque has raised his rent. Mr Debost, the owner of Corbeton, a farm some five miles out of Dijon, pays his tenant a visit three or four times a year to see if all goes well.

The Leveques make a great occasion of these visits, filling a salad bowl with fresh cream and at five in the morning beating up a sponge cake which absolutely melts in your mouth at noon. The house, with the exquisite Louis the Fifteenth carvings on its doors, is in perfect order. The girls are all in clean pinafores, and the boy's hair seems to have been carved from wood, so carefully has it been wetted and brushed.

Before lunch we made a tour of the property, having a look at the cows from Holland, examining the clever construction of the round stone tower in the centre of the courtyard, where the pigeons lodge; discussing the weather with the old shepherd and his black dog; greeting the Polish workmen in any language except the one they understood; and having a look at the acres upon acres of green which will later be grain.

A Voluntary Proposal

"Now that the price of grain has gone up on account of the new tariff of Monsieur Tardieu you will not be getting a fair rental for this farm, Mr Debost," said Farmer Leveque. "That old arrangement that I should pay you the price of ten thousand kilos of corn at the average price between September and December works out very badly for you this year. I think I should pay you something more."

Mr Debost was both surprised and touched at this voluntary proposal from his tenant. He left it to Leveque to fix a fair price, for Farmer Leveque has five children to bring up and Mr Debost had no wish to be hard on him. The result of the discussion was that the farmer agreed to pay twenty francs a kilo more than the price in the old agreement. And Mr Debost, who had always taken a rather gloomy view of human nature, has been obliged to think a good bit better than he was wont to do of the honesty of the Burgundian farmer.

EATING MORE FRUIT

More fruit was eaten in this country last year than in any other year.

The average consumption was 83 pounds for every man, woman, and child in the country. Over 60 per cent of the apples, over 40 per cent of the bananas, and more than half the peaches were grown in the Empire.

FOUNDER OF THE WIRELESS AGE THE WISE MEN WHO KEPT IT BACK

Listening-in In a London Street
Half a Century Ago

DAVID HUGHES AND THE FIRST MICROPHONE

The electrical engineers have just been celebrating the centenary of David Hughes, the inventor of the microphone and the real founder of the wireless age.

It is often claimed that scientists could rule the world, but the story of David Hughes is a very curious comment on this boast. More than once we have told how the wise men of his day broke his heart by refusing to recognise wireless when they saw it. Night after night he would walk up and down Great Portland Street listening to the first wireless signals ever heard in the world coming through crude apparatus he had devised. Had his friends believed in him the B.B.C. would now have been half a century old; but they did not believe in him and David Hughes put wireless aside with a heavy heart.

Science Before Money

One of the finest things we remember about him is that he refused to try to make money out of his invention. He knew how squabbles over patents had held back telephone development, and he cared far more for the progress of science than for making money.

David Hughes had left London for America when he was seven, and had returned as the inventor of the type-writing telegraph instrument. Already this son of a bootmaker had made a fortune, and was not in need when he invented the microphone in 1878, but how few men there are who can resist the instinct to pile wealth on wealth! How few who can see their work fill other men's pockets and not feel jealous! Hughes devoted his life to perfecting telephone transmission, and left a fortune to research and hospitals.

The Cigar Box

His splendid life ought to have been crowned with a mighty triumph when he discovered the existence of electrical waves in the atmosphere, but Professor Huxley and Professor Stokes and other chief scientists of his day told him they could not agree with his theory, and in his disappointment he did not make it public. That was in 1880. Several years later Hertz made the same discovery, and an astonished world learned about wireless waves for the first time.

It is good to know that Mr Henry Furse, who made the first microphone, is still alive, and that he remembers Hughes's rough model, which was composed of a cigar box, some nails, burned firewood, and sealing-wax. We have seen many wireless sets like that today, but Jones Minor will forgive us if we do not feel the same awe for his work that Henry Furse felt for the funny contraption Hughes set him to copy some 50 years ago, which boys may now see for themselves at South Kensington.

THESE THREE

The training of a Scout along three planes of his being, the Spiritual, the Physical, and the Mental—that and nothing less is Scouting.

Think of the difference the Chief Scout has made in your life through the joy that is Scouting. Some men kill the boy within them, his honour, his ideals, his kindness, his frankness, and the light of a mother's love. Scoutcraft helps us to keep in repair those graces of the Spirit which are apt to deteriorate as we grow older. Mental hospitality, romance, wonder—these are the graces of the Spirit. Dr Henderson at a Brighton Scout Conference

GETTING THE WORLD STRAIGHT HOW TO DO IT

Mr Henderson's Inspiring Call
to the Nations

THE BARRIERS IN THE WAY

Mr Arthur Henderson, our Foreign Minister, has been unanimously appointed President of the Disarmament Conference to be held next year.

Mr Henderson signalled the day on which this high honour was paid to him by a noble speech expressing the opinion of the British Government on the position of the world today. We give some passages below.

The world is passing through an economic crisis of greater severity than any experienced in modern times.

The tragic paradox of Europe, which we here represent, is that while men walk the streets and cannot find work to earn bread for their hungry families at home the corn bins of Europe and of the countries overseas are bursting with food that cannot be sold. Our potential power to create wealth is greater than it has ever been. Capital, by countless millions, is lying idle in our banks waiting to be used.

Vicious Circle of Disaster

It is with the problem of how to break that vicious circle of disaster that our Committee is face to face. I am hoping that from now onward we shall set on one side every consideration of prestige, that we shall concentrate on the real economic interests of the simple men and women whom we represent.

The after-shock of the war is in great part responsible for our present situation. Armaments, beyond all question, are a contributory cause; an atmosphere of international security, of freedom from the fear of war, is the first condition of prosperity. For that reason the success of the Disarmament Conference next year would do very much to bring the world crisis to an end.

I want to say in the plainest language that I believe it should be possible for this Committee to find a programme of concerted international action through the machinery of the League which will help to remedy our present situation.

Need of Concerted Action

The present crisis has brought home to us anew the absolute necessity for concerted economic action. The essential condition of our success is to end the present state of economic war.

What is happening in Europe today? Nations are striving by every means to keep out foreign goods. By so doing they are impoverishing both their own and other nations.

Meanwhile the principal creditor countries have insisted on the payment of the debts which are due to them and have refused to accept the goods which the debtor countries have to offer. They shut their eyes to the fact that international trade must take the form of barter. A debtor must be allowed to sell his products if he is to purchase other people's goods or to pay his debts. But, instead of this, the creditor countries have insisted on payment, not in goods but in gold, and the consequent scramble for gold has contributed to the catastrophic fall in prices.

What Europe Cannot Afford

The agricultural countries, the primary producers, are being forced into bankruptcy because they are asked to pay in the gold that they have not got instead of in the goods that they have. The industrial countries in their turn find that they can no longer sell their manufactures and are therefore forced to maintain, publicly or privately, millions of their people in a state of unemployment. Europe cannot afford millions of unemployed. We must cease to make economic impossibilities into political necessities.

SCHOOL LESSONS IN UR

When Abraham Went
to School

When Father Abraham went to school he learned his lessons from clay bricks.

Some of these have been brought home from Ur of the Chaldees by Mr Leonard Woolley and soon will be in the British Museum for all schoolboys to see.

There was in Ur an old school kept by a priest who had twelve scholars to teach. He taught them reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as geometry and Chaldean composition. The essays were written on round tablets. Ordinary lessons were on rectangular ones.

Some of these school exercise bricks are 18 inches across, and Mr Woolley has found 2000 of them, and hopes to be able to piece together all that the boys were taught.

These are not the only writings in indelible script that have been found on the bricks of Ur. Nearly every house had some. One house would preserve the letters the young man wrote to the maiden before they were married. What strange and pretty romances were buried in these writings, to come to light again after 4000 years!

Other clay documents are more prosaic—inventories, building contracts, tradesmen's accounts. When all have been sorted out, after much labour, we may learn how everyday life went among the people of that far-off capital of Chaldea, so far away in time as well as in place.

A GLASS VOLCANO

Strange Scene in a Bottle
Factory

Glass has set a Canning Town bottle factory on fire.

Workmen who handle the molten glass in the tanks in which it is mixed would see nothing strange in such an accident, though it might seem so unlikely to people who look through the cool hard window-pane.

But glass can be raised to the temperature of a molten metal, and reaches the melting condition very quickly. The glass at Canning Town had been melted in a 100-ton tank, which burst and allowed the fiery mass to pour down the first floor to the ground, like a swift torrent of lava from a volcano.

Everything that was inflammable was set alight. Sacks of sand thrown on to the oncoming rivulets of glass were of no avail. The workmen had to run to save their lives and limbs.

When the damage had been done the stream froze solid again, in a mass almost as hard as concrete.

THE EAGLE AND THE PLANE

The bird men find no friends in the air, not even among the birds.

Prince George Bibesco revealed after his flight to India that twice within a few hours he had been attacked by eagles.

The first eagle crashed head-on to his middle engine; just before the plane reached Allahabad, and that might have been an accident even from the bird's point of view. Certainly the eagle suffered most.

Another eagle dropped like a stone from a great height above the aeroplane, though the plane was itself soaring at 6000 feet. It was an eagle's stoop, like that of a hawk on its prey, and it damaged the metal wing of the machine.

A plane in the air is very easily deranged, and this assault might easily prove disastrous to the airman.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bramante	Brah-man-teh
Brunelleschi	Broo-nel-les-ke
Diarbekir	De-ah-be-kir
Malatia	Mah-lah-te-ah
Vignola	Vin-yo-la

ARE THE CONTINENTS FLOATING ?

A WISE MAN'S IDEA

Dr Wegener and His Theory
of the Earth's Drifting Masses

A USEFUL LIFE CUT OFF

The world of science is very much poorer by the loss of Professor Alfred Wegener, the leader of the ill-fated German Greenland Expedition whose body has been found about 120 miles from the west coast.

Wegener was a comparatively young man who began his first exploration of Greenland 25 years ago, and never lost his interest in Arctic exploration in the midst of many other important scientific activities.

One of these was the science of the weather, and, like many meteorologists, he strove to find an explanation of the enormous variations of climate in the same regions of the Earth in past geological time.

The Continental Drift

For example, there are coal and evidences of a sub-tropical climate in Greenland in the carboniferous era. There are evidences that glaciers have been where now is sun-heated desert and jungles where now are ice-caps.

Wegener, in the effort to explain these contradictions, devised his theory of Continental Drift. The leading idea in this is that the great continental masses are not blocks tied down to the Earth's core, but that they float on a semi-liquid layer in the crust. Consequently they may slowly move if induced to do so by the Earth's rotation.

The second idea is that in the early ages of the globe there was a vast continent which included India, South Africa, Australia, and South America. This had split up, and its constituent parts had drifted away from one another.

The Permian Ice Age

The best reason for this suggestion is that at a period in the Earth's history known as the Permian all these regions were ice-bound and glaciated in the same way.

Both before and after Wegener developed this idea it had been suggested that Canada, Greenland, and Scandinavia had been bound together and drifted apart, North America moving toward the south-west and thrusting up the chain of the Rocky Mountains on its way. But the Permian Ice Age was what gave most importance to Wegener's Continental Drift, which has occupied the deliberations of the world's geologists.

Other explanations have been found of the distribution of cold climate. Ferns and other coal plants have been found, and Wegener's ideas have been disputed. He thought the wandering of the Earth's Poles, which do wobble, as we know, had much to do in bringing about the great glaciations of the later Ice Ages as well as the earlier ones.

THINGS SAID

It seems to me that the C.N. is just the healthiest, happiest thing in Europe.

Tubby Clayton of Toc II

Beware of the speculative builder; he does not let grass grow under his feet.

The New Statesman

If I had a hundred millions of money I would sink 50 millions of it in Tasmania.

Sir James O'Grady

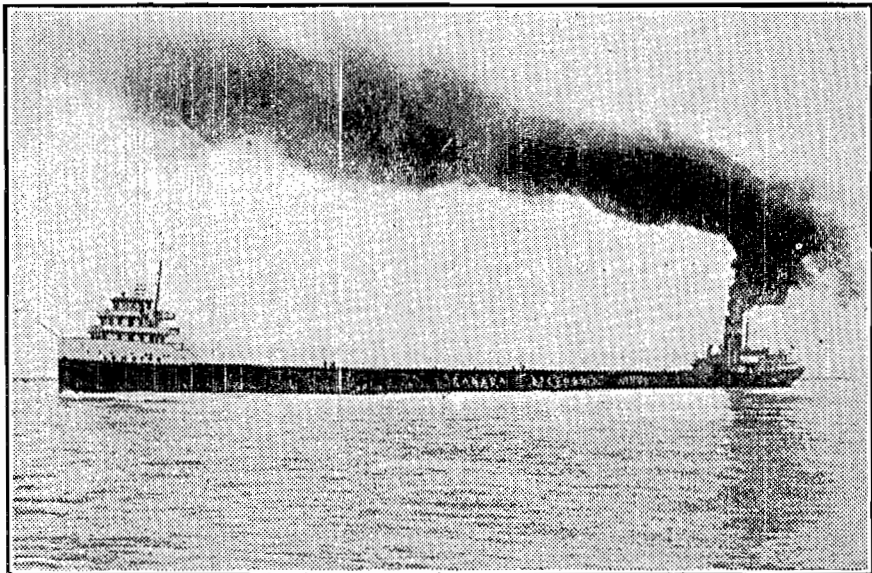
The restoration of Westminster Hall has meant the cutting down of many oaks 600 years old.

Sir George Courthope, M.P.

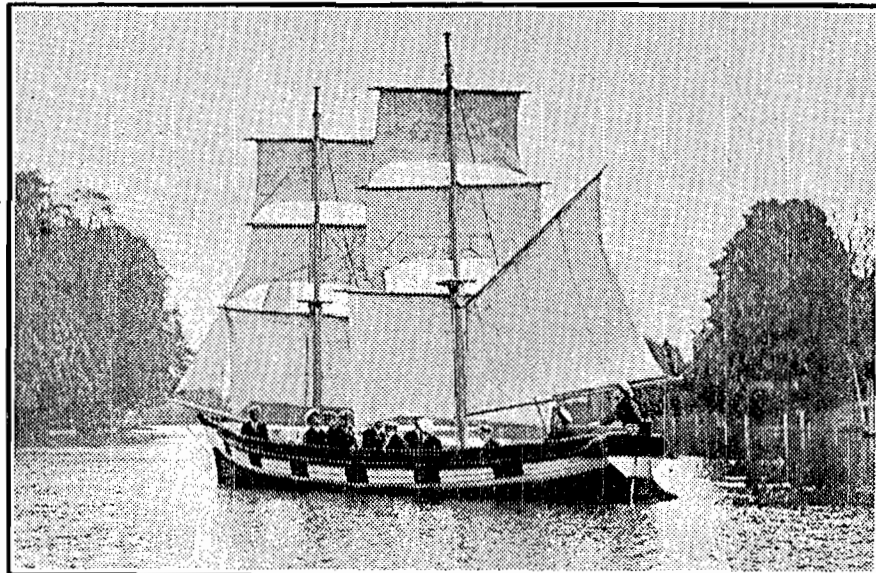
I could do more work in an hour in an American hotel than I could do in a week in an English one.

Sir Norman Angell

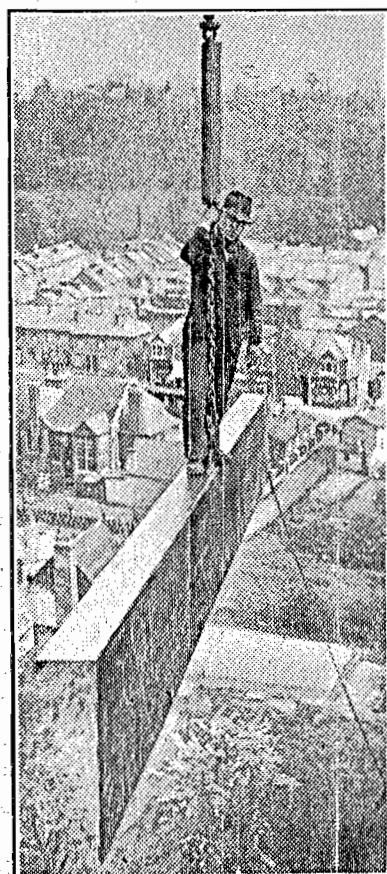
LITTLE WINDJAMMER · TRAFFIC SIGNALS IN SCHOOL · MID-AIR WORKMEN



A Long Ship—More than half a million bushels of wheat can be carried in this queer ship, which conveys grain between the ports of Lake Ontario. She is 631 feet long.



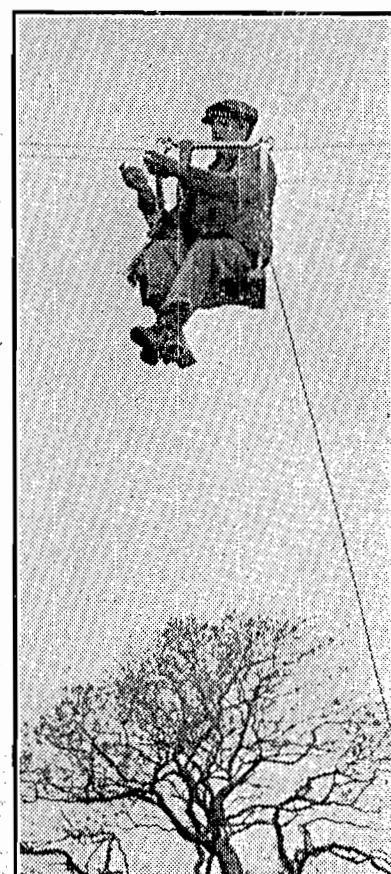
Thames Windjammer—This model brig with all sails set is on the Thames at Pangbourne. Her crew is composed of cadets from the Naval College.



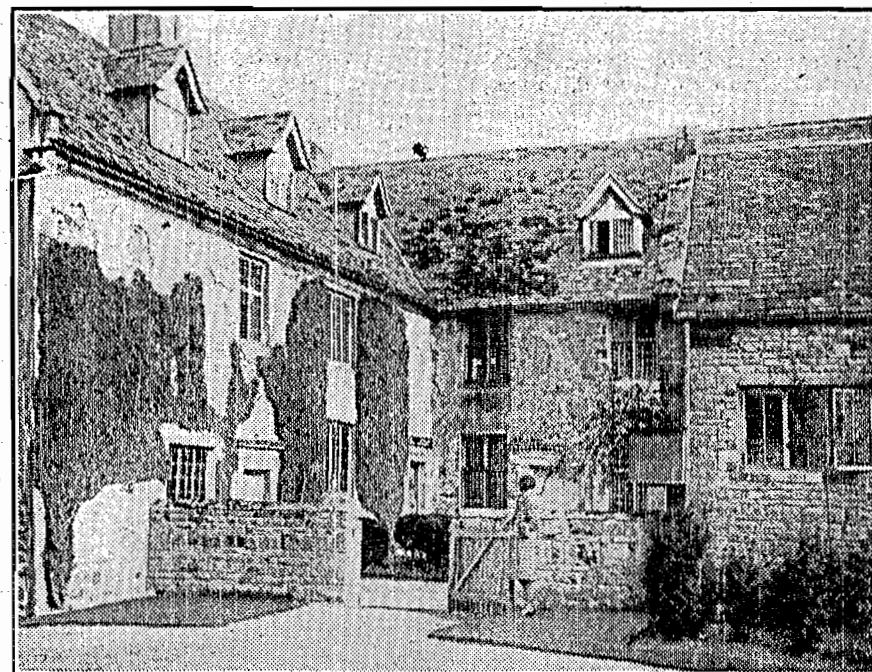
A Ride on a Girder—A workman engaged in building Harrow's new gasholder is carried up 220 feet on one of the girders.



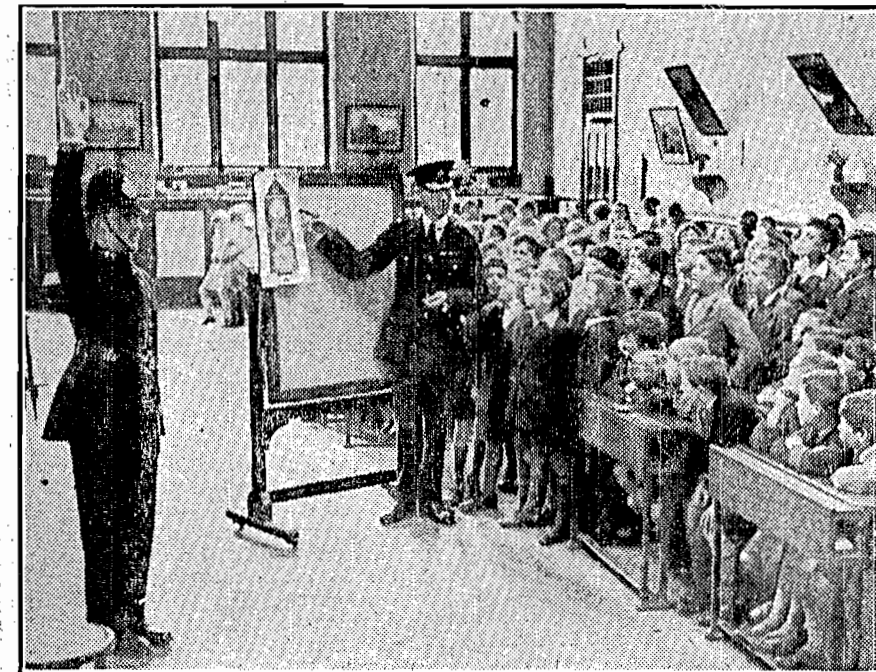
School for Dairymaids—Here are some of the girls from Somerset schools who are taught how to make cheese and butter at Nailsea under a scheme organised by the County Council and the Somerset Farm Institute.



A Ride on a Wire—An engineer is here fastening a telegraph cable to the stout wire on which his trolley-chair runs.



Washington Family Home—Sulgrave Manor, the Northamptonshire home of the family of America's first president, has just been repaired and renovated. See page 4.



Policemen in a School—A Bedford police inspector and a constable have been visiting the schools and explaining traffic signals to help children to avoid the dangers of the road.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S PEOPLE

THE LITTLE VILLAGE THEY CAME FROM

The Long Line That Led to the Great President

600 YEARS AGO IN DURHAM

Our greeting to the small village in Durham which gave rise to the family that gave the world George Washington.

Next year everybody will be going to Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, for it is George Washington's 200th year, and in Sulgrave is the Manor House of the English Washingtons, from whom the first American president sprang.

But who will go to Washington in Durham, the little colliery village which was the ancestral home of all these Washingtons, and from which they took their name as it first appears in the rolls of English manors?

An Antiquary's Story

The tale may be read as it is told by the antiquary Surtees, who was the historian of Durham.

William de Hertburn was the first of the line. He exchanged his village of Hertburn with the Bishop of Durham for that of Wessyngton, adding a free rent of £4 a year and the service of attending the Bishop's Great Hunt with two greyhounds.

He assumed the local name instead of the one he previously bore, and William de Wessyngton occurs as a witness in the Charter of Bishops. To it is added the title Chivaler. The Chivaler Wessyngton had licence to settle the manor on himself, his wife Katherine, and his right heir in 1350. He died in 1367, leaving William his son as his sole heir. But before 1400 the direct male line ceased in another William de Wessyngton.

A Kindly Bishop

William's daughter married a Sir William Tempest, and from the Tempests the manor went back to the See of Durham. It was acquired by Bishop James, at whom we may glance. A contemporary described him as a little inclined to hoard his money, but otherwise as kindly and quiet a bishop as ever lived, hurting nobody, thwarting nobody, "jostling nobody off the king's highway, but quietly ambling along on his own episcopal pad with rather shabby purple housings."

This was in the early 17th century, and though Bishop James's descendants again parted with the manor it never came back to the Wessyngtons. Their younger sons, after or before the death of William of Wessyngton, had moved away to other parts of the country. Some went to Aldwick-le-Street in Yorkshire, and their pedigree is recorded by the genealogist Dugdale in 1666. Others settled in Leicestershire.

Origin of the American Flag

It was from the Leicestershire de Wessyngtons that the Northamptonshire Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor were descended. As the family moved it preserved its heraldic arms, and by them the Sulgrave Washingtons are identified with the first William de Wessyngton. The arms are "Argent two bars and mullets in three gules," and in them some have seen the origin of the first device on the American flag.

The rest of the story of the Sulgrave Washingtons is too well known for more than a brief reference. Laurence Washington, after he had been granted the manor and priory lands in Sulgrave on the dissolution of the monasteries, began to build the manor house on a considerable scale. It was never completed on the original plan, but in the oldest portion of the building the bars and mullets of the Washington arms can be seen in the spandrels of the doorway.

It was sold, owing to the failing fortunes of the family, at about the

LORD MILNER

A MAN WHO LOVED HIS FELLOWS

The Memory of a Tireless Public Servant

WHAT HE DID FOR TOYNBEE HALL

Like Abou Ben Adhem, Lord Milner was one who loved his fellow-men.

In South Africa, in Egypt, and in London at Toynbee Hall he gave himself for his fellows. Copies of the medallion placed to his memory in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster have now been unveiled at Toynbee Hall and in the John Benn Hostel, and we gladly pass on this tribute that was paid at the unveiling to the memory of Lord Milner by Mr Neville Chamberlain.

In 1911 Lord Milner was invited to become chairman of Toynbee Hall, and he continued to hold that office to the end of his life. Right through the years when he was a member of the War Cabinet, and by reason of his long experience, his rare ability, and his strength of character, he was called upon to take much more than his share of responsibility, he never failed to give his attention and his interest to the affairs of the Settlement and its surroundings, whenever his aid was required.

Ungrudging Work for Poor Boys

His labours hardly grew less after the signing of the Armistice, for the problems of the Peace were as baffling as those of the War, and already his health was beginning to show the marks of the long years of strain; yet toward the end, when already he was feeling the approach of that insidious and mysterious ailment which was to prove fatal, when already he was giving the best of his time and thought to great Imperial causes, such as the promotion of the study of tropical medicine and scientific research, he did not shrink from undertaking yet another laborious and exacting task on behalf of the people of this district.

The establishment of a hostel for poor boys in East London, and of a social centre in an area where human interests are few and drab, was one that was bound to enlist at once his sympathy and support; and, in his capacity of chairman of Toynbee Hall, he prepared, without hesitation, to launch an appeal to the public for the necessary funds. The appeal was made and the funds were found, but, before the hostel was completed, Lord Milner had passed away.

Light in Darkest London

In the same spirit as that which gave the name to Toynbee Hall, the hostel and the hall in which we stand have been associated with the memory of men whose thoughts and plans they represent. And so long as these buildings stand here, like a beacon light in darkest London, so long will they bear their testimony to the warm heart and the loving kindness of one who, though he towered above his fellows in intellect, in courage, and in the ability to carry through great enterprises, never forgot his kinship with the lowliest among them, nor ever ceased his endeavours to lift them up.

Continued from the previous column

time when Bishop James acquired the original home of the Wessyngtons at Washington in Durham.

In the colliery village is an old house which is doubtfully pointed out as the original Wessyngton manor.

It is far less authentic than Sulgrave Manor, but the first Washingtons must have lived on the site or near it; and we have found, on inquiry from a great genealogical authority, that, though there are gaps in the Wessyngton pedigree, we may believe that George Washington was indeed descended from that William de Wessyngton who made his home in the little colliery village of Washington, County Durham, nearly 600 years ago. *Picture on page 3*

THE LEAGUE AGAIN

Settling a Crisis

HAGUE COURT TO DECIDE

In the first serious clash between France and Germany, the chief adversaries in the Great War and in earlier wars in Europe, the League of Nations has once more shown the way to peace.

Germany and Austria had arranged a Customs Union, as they had every moral right to do. France, ever on the watch, saw a political alliance in this move to assist trade between two neighbours.

There was at once an appeal to the League, and the British Government pointed out that it was a legal question whether Germany and Austria had infringed their treaty rights, and that the proper course to take was to ask the Judges of the International Court at The Hague to decide the point at issue. When that question was settled the Council of the League would discuss whether Austria's Customs Union with Germany should be sanctioned.

Germany, Austria, and France have accepted this excellent and sensible solution of the difficulty.

There is always anxiety when fear and jealousy exist among great nations, but the regular meetings of the League are ensuring peaceful solutions of disputes which would have proved impossible under the old methods of diplomacy.

BUS NUMBERS

A Great Public Need

For years the C.N. has been asking why our bus companies cannot help the public by making their route numbers plain, and we are delighted to see that public opinion is at last compelling action in this respect.

It passes our comprehension that the London General, with all the brains at its disposal, has not been able to meet so obvious a public need as a plain big number in a conspicuous place on every bus. At present their numbers vary in size and in position, and very rarely is it easy to find it.

What is wanted is a plain number front and back and on both sides, and at present only the front number is generally satisfactory. Too often the numbers are small or tucked away. Even those who use the buses daily have often trouble in finding out if they are right. Yet it is the simplest thing in the world to save all this confusion, and we hope this will now be done.

CANADA'S BIG LEAD OVER AMERICA

How rapidly the world's trade now changes is seen from the remarkable facts about the output of the paper on which newspapers are printed.

In 1913 the United States produced about one and a quarter million tons of newsprint and Canada 350,000 tons. In 1930 the American output was almost exactly the same as in 1913, whereas the Canadian output had doubled.

It is remarkable to think that this paper is mostly destroyed almost as soon as it is printed.

AN ENGINE'S MILLION MILES

The oldest locomotive of the Swiss railways has just been taken off the active service list.

It is 72 years old, and was built in the earliest days of the railways in Switzerland.

It began its life in 1859, and has been employed in goods traffic. It has run nearly a million miles, and has consumed 15,000 tons of coal.

The Post Office is spending 30 million pounds on telephone developments.

5600 pounds of strawberries which were picked in Holland one afternoon arrived for sale at Covent Garden by air the same evening.

THE NEW INSTRUMENT OF WAR

Germany's Pocket Battleship

HOW BRAINS GET ROUND A TREATY

Germany has produced and launched something new in battleships—a pocket battleship it has been called.

Forbidden under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles to produce war vessels of more than 10,000 tons or with guns of more than eleven-inch calibre, and faced with the refusal of the nations to fulfil their Disarmament Pledge, she has sought ways of making a vessel within these limits which would compare in speed and all-round efficiency with the monsters still possessed by other nations. The Deutschland, recently launched at Kiel, is the result of her engineers setting their brains to work.

Engines of Secret Design

The most interesting things about the Deutschland are her engines, for never before has a war vessel of more than 2000 tons been motor-driven. Deutschland has Diesel engines of new and secret design which develop 50,000 h.p. It may be that some new alloy has been used in their construction and that electric welding has been employed, for these engines are comparative lightweights, developing one horse-power for each 17½ pounds.

Special alloys have certainly been used for many parts of the structure of the vessel, and weight has been further saved by welding the plates of which the hull is built instead of the more usual method of riveting them.

Armament and Speed

In addition to other armament the new vessel is to carry six eleven-inch guns having the remarkable range of 30,000 yards, and this, combined with her speed of 26 knots, will make her a match for vessels three times her tonnage. Twenty-six knots is, of course, to be her top speed, but with her Diesel engines running at only half-power a speed of 20 knots is expected for a distance of 10,000 miles, and that range may be nearly doubled if the engines are run still slower.

Brains alone have not made all this possible. A great deal of money has been wasted on this engine of death. It is said that its cost will amount to four million pounds—the cost of running the League of Nations, with all it represents, for more than three years.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY AND HER PERISCOPE

Who does not like this little picture from The Times of the old lady with her periscope in the Mall on the evening of the King's Second Court?

The Little Old Lady with her Periscope was surely the most ingenious of all the thousands who thronged the Mall to witness the pageant of English beauty on its way to the Second Court.

Passing down the line, apart from the eager, jostling crowd, as calm as the debutantes themselves, her periscope peering over the heads of those before her, she saw all that was going on. And as she walked slowly she made many admiring comments on the beauty of English womanhood, on their wonderful dresses, and on the flashing jewels of the chaperons.

She stayed awhile opposite the car of the perfectly lovely young debutante, whose frank and charming smile thrilled all the woman spectators, but her Victorian lips pursed just a little when she came to a car in which one girl was smoking a cigarette and two others were busily "making up."

When the cars began to move toward the Palace the Little Old Lady paused, sighed, and murmured aloud, "You could only see such loveliness in England."

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD

USEFUL SHADOWS
In the past year 54,000 square miles of Canada have been mapped from the air. Winter photographs are particularly useful because the height of trees can be judged from the shadows on the snow.

LITTLE BOAT'S LONG VOYAGE
Two Estonian youths who left Reval last August in a 28-foot boat have just reached New York after sailing across the Atlantic and through the Caribbean Sea.

RUMANIA'S NEW TIME
The time of Rumania, which was previously that of Eastern Europe, has been changed to Central European time—that is, one hour ahead of Greenwich instead of two.

FISHERMEN'S FRIEND
The fishermen of Northern Sakhalin have an ally in the grampus, which drives fishes and seals up the rivers. If the tribesmen find a dead one they give it a respectful burial.

A PLAGUE BROUGHT BY THE WIND
Warm winds often blow across the south of Greenland at this time of the year and bring a plague of mosquitoes.

BACKWARD CHINA
The report just issued by the British Economic Mission to the Far East states that although China has nearly a quarter of the world's population it secures only one-fiftieth of the trade of the world.

EUPHRATES BRIDGES
Two new concrete bridges have been built across the Euphrates. One of them is to carry the new railway from Malatia to Diarbekir; the other, 15 miles farther down the river, is for road traffic.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEXTS
The tomb of a daughter of King Pepi the First has been excavated at Sakkara. On the walls were inscribed 800 lines of religious texts.

SAILING BY TASTE
The Amazon discharges so much water that the sea is diluted more than 50 miles from the delta. Fishermen in small boats estimate their distance from land by tasting the sea.

RAILWAY TO LAKE NYASA
The route has been pegged out for the extension of the railway in Nyasaland to Lake Nyasa. The construction, which is expected to take two years, will soon begin.

UNKNOWN TASMANIA
A British expedition is to explore a region of dense bush in south-west Tasmania where there are believed to be unmapped rivers and lakes.

Harvesting in June
Wheat: United States, Spain, Italy, Southern France, and Turkey.
Sugar: Mexico, Central America, West Indies, India, and Japan.
Barley: Tunis. Strawberries: England.
Cinnamon: Mauritius, South India, Ceylon, and Java. Maté: South America. Coffee: Brazil.

NOBODY'S FRIENDS The Snail and the Beetle

A snail has held up the Royal Air Force, and a beetle holds up the Caerleon Museum.

The snail infests in its myriads the waters of Lake Habbaniya, near Bagdad, which had been selected as an Air Force base, and is a carrier of the dangerous tropical disease of bilharziasis.

The germ is terribly infectious. None could safely bathe in the lake which harboured it, and the infection would certainly spread to the lake's surroundings and be a potent danger to those in its neighbourhood.

The beetle held up the museum in a different way.

The old building, recently acquired by the National Museum of Wales, was to have been made the repository of Roman remains found at Caerleon.

As soon as the alterations to make it suitable were begun it was found that the wood-boring beetle, which most people now call the death-watch, had wreaked such havoc in the timbers that the building was unsafe.

Till the old beams and timber work have been replaced the museum must be left empty.

DISARMAMENT

Fall of the British Army

While we are talking of disarmament and hoping for something great next year it is not amiss to remember the facts about the British Army in the last ten years. Here are the figures showing its decline in men and money.

Year	Men	Money
1922	231,100	£62,300,000
1923	229,200	£52,000,000
1924	217,900	£45,000,000
1925	216,900	£44,500,000
1926	215,300	£42,500,000
1927	212,700	£41,565,000
1928	210,000	£41,050,000
1929	209,000	£41,105,000
1930	207,500	£40,500,000
1931	207,500	£39,930,000

HOME AGAIN Migrating to Britain

The return of migrants to Britain continues. The facts are very remarkable and we give them in the simplest possible form.

In the first quarter of last year 14,500 more people left our ports than came to us. In the second quarter of 1930 this excess was reduced to 8500. In the third quarter the excess was further reduced to 4200, and in the Christmas quarter 1200 more people came in than went out.

Now we know what happened in the first quarter of this year; the number coming in exceeded the number going out by 4500!

This movement, of course, helps to accentuate the unemployment problem. At the time when migration would help us we are receiving returning migrants.

A GREAT TRADE UNION How Bad Trade Hits It

Our Trade Unions are wonderful organisations, embracing as they do armies of workpeople.

One of the biggest is the Amalgamated Engineering Union, which has branches all over the country and includes the majority of our engineers. The number of branches is 1514 and the number of members 216,037.

Of these members as many as 45,101 were unemployed at the end of April, so that roundly one member in five is out of work.

These Trade Unions not only safeguard the interests of their members in employment but provide numerous benefits. As many as 11,508 of the older members now have pensions.

A GIGANTIC JAWBONE

Some workmen have discovered in a gravel pit not far from Budapest the jawbone of a fossil rhinoceros absolutely intact. It is five feet long, and the teeth are two inches thick.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TWO SHILLINGS Why He Remembers Florence Nightingale

There is an old soldier of 96 who lives at Sparkbrook near Birmingham.

When he heard that the British Red Cross Society was placing a wreath on Florence Nightingale's statue to celebrate her birthday he sent two shillings toward it, for had it not been for her nursing he would probably have died at Scutari when he was only 20.

We are almost sure that when the two shillings had been posted the old soldier took out and read once more the letter she sent him in 1894. We can still fight (she wrote), though not in war, the good fight of faith. If every man, woman, and child did this who says the prayer Thy Kingdom Come—why, then the Kingdom of Heaven would come within, and we should make it come without too.

CORN HALF-PRICE An Astounding Fact

Never before did the price of corn fall so quickly in this country as it has done since 1927.

Here is the price of British wheat at the end of the month of April for each of the last five years: 11s 6d, 10s 5d, 9s 11d, 9s, 5s 3d.

This is the astounding fact which, together with corresponding falls in many other articles of foods and raw materials, has brought such distress upon the farmers of all the world.

BETTER TRADE IN APRIL

We are very glad to record that in April our imports, measured by the working day, were rather greater than in any previous month of this year, while our exports for each working day were greater than in either February or March.

This improvement may, we hope, mark the turning of the tide.

APPLES OF HEALING Chailey Cripples and Their Golden Fruit

Chailey's golden apple tree wants more of the precious fruit. Last year our friend Mrs C. W. Kimmins made a special appeal for the Heritage Craft Schools and Homes for Cripples at Chailey, Sussex, and hit on the happy idea of supporting it with a tree of golden apples.

Each apple on the tree was to represent a gift of £50 to the cost of raising new permanent buildings for the crippled children of the colony, where, besides being given skilled treatment, they are taught useful crafts and trades.

The Prince of Wales supported the appeal and the Bishop of London dedicated the apple tree, already decked with a show of golden fruit.

This year the tree was brought to London, with its apples now clustering very thickly. They represented the sum that had been successfully begged to raise the new permanent buildings.

But another crop is wanted to equip them, to provide a new ward for cripples at the seaside, and other purposes. If an apple a day keeps the doctor away an apple of this tree will keep life and health and happiness in Chailey's crippled children.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Bust of Voltaire	£1300
Charles I needlework panel	£235
Sheraton library table	£220
Six small china plates	£215
A china teapot	£125
Two gilt ewers	£121
Chippendale urn table	£92
A silk carpet	£70
Pair of Sheraton knife-boxes	£66
George III tea urn	£48
Seven letters by Carlyle	£26

An illuminated address presented to Ruskin on his 80th birthday by Oxford University was sold for £36.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 6

1931

Prime Ministers Please
Note

Who would have believed it possible that the world would ever be so mad as to burn wheat? Yet this terrible thing has happened in South America.

Signor Mussolini has just been directing the attention of the world to the fact, calling it a tragedy that a million pounds of wheat have been burned in South America to make room for a new harvest while thousands of people go without bread.

It is certainly time the high rulers of the world interested themselves in these matters, which so largely concern the progress of mankind. Will not some great statesman now arise and point out to the world that it needs to call together its wisest men to devise a better plan for using the gold of the world, for establishing the credit of the world, and for thus enabling buyers and sellers to come together?

In one part of the world we see too much food, while another part has not food enough. In one part of the world we see factories idle, while in another part millions are calling in vain for the goods the factories should be making.

The time has passed when these things merely concern one country. Our world is not a very big one. It is only 8000 miles wide, and we cannot afford to waste its resources.

The world must be considered as a whole, developed as a whole, used as a whole. It is a shame that there should be unfed and underfed people in places like China, Japan, and India while corn is given to the flames to make room for sowing more.

If the Prime Ministers of the great nations were to devote their public utterances to these great questions they would do untold good. They have voices commanding the attention of the world; they should use them to better purpose. If statesmen would turn their minds from petty party matters to matters of real concern party feelings would die out in the shining light of truth. The great thing will always triumph over the petty thing if it is allowed to be heard.

Assuredly there will come a day when the world will look back with wonder on an age in which the amazing powers of work were allowed to run to waste and to bring suffering instead of plenty to the races of mankind. The man of the future will find it as difficult to believe that good people could burn wheat as we now find it difficult, looking back, to believe that good people could burn human beings. It is ignorance and not ill-will that is the great enemy of human happiness.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

What To Do With Them

It is good news that the drunken motorist is being sent to prison.

There is no punishment too severe for the criminal who adds to the danger of the street in these days, and all law-abiding people will support our magistrates in removing the speed maniac and the drunkard from our much-tried lives. Especially is this a question that concerns our children, for whom crossing the road is rapidly becoming something of a terror.

Why?

EVEN the British Government, which has set the example of Disarmament to all nations, is devoting £1,250,000 a year to military research, principally to research in chemical warfare for the Forces.

The total amount granted every year to the British Medical Research Board is £150,000.

The Old Ladies

Is it not right that this note from a reader of the Daily Telegraph should be passed on wherever it may be read?

VERY few people realise the vast importance of the work done by "old ladies."

It is my experience that old ladies are responsible, to a great extent, for the welfare of this country. They are invariably enthusiastic supporters of education, religion, and even sport. And they are not lacking in courage, as is shown by the two old lady missionaries who were murdered last year in China.

Ex-King Alfonso's aunt, the Infanta Isabel, who at over 80 rose from a sick bed "not to die in Republican Spain," is another instance of courage in an old lady.

People snigger at their good works and say "They have nothing better to do." Quite right! There is nothing better for them to do. What they do they do properly.

The Careless Lamp-Post

It is so frequently said that those who still use their legs for walking are themselves responsible for their killing and maiming by motor-cars that we are rather struck with the news about lamp-posts.

It seems that our lamp-posts have become pedestrians, for they, too, are knocked down and injured in large numbers. This seems to us very careless of the lamp-posts, who clearly ought to be given a course of instruction in crossing the road.

How reprehensible the present conduct of lamp-posts is we see by the extraordinary conduct of one on the Great West Road. It seems that it has been knocked down eighteen times!

A very incorrigible lamp-post indeed thus to get in the way of motor-cars, and we hope the Minister of Transport will do something about it.

Stirring Up Trouble

By Mrs Juggins

SHE is a poor widow in a village living along with her flowers.

"Do you know many people here?" we asked her as we looked over the gate at her flowers.

"Yes, I know everybody (said she) and I often say to myself, Kate, you're the poorest woman in Wallflower Land, yet you're the happiest. You see, sir, I never put myself in a stir over my troubles."

Science and Virtue

WHAT is Science?

To know men.

What is virtue?

To love men.

Tip-Cat

THE man who is advocating a wider fitting shoe for ladies will probably put his foot in it.

BARRISTERS do most of their work by night, we are told. And often have to work in the dark.

WE shall soon be able to travel by air round the world in a few hours. High time.

AN American singer has given a farewell concert eight times. He must have gone well.

A MAN is twenty-seven until he reaches his twenty-eighth birthday, says a Judge. Evidently women don't count.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a cricket match ever set the pitch on fire

THE modern girl is a lover of animals. That is why she rides the high horse.

TOWELS for seaside bathers are to have comic designs on them this summer.

They may rub people up the wrong way.

CANNIBALS still dispense with knives and forks. Nevertheless their victims feel cut up.

A MAN's character, we are told, can be told by his hand. Suppose he isn't a handy man?

PEOPLE who sing live long, declares a doctor. Anyhow, their neighbours say they seem to.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION has given £146,000 for a Library of Economics in Aldwych.

THE NATIONAL TRUST has received a gift of the Wray Castle estate on Windermere from Mr and Mrs Noton Barclay.

JUST AN IDEA

All Europe is in trouble to meet its budgets, and these budgets provide for spending ten million pounds a week on preparing for war.

Horatius of the Waters

By a Passer-By

HORATIUS is not a Roman of "the brave days of old"; he is a swan.

He and his mate occupy a stretch of water on a canal running through an old western town. He is attached to his mate, although she has long since "lost her looks," having had an eye pierced by a thorn in taking refuge in a hedge from a pursuer.

Now, alas! her other eye is growing dim, and she can no longer find her way easily to the friendly garden step where she and Horatius know that they will find a meal.

The life of this old Darby and Joan has been chequered. Boys of all ages seem unable to take a walk along a canal without throwing stones at birds and water-rats in the reeds. The clear water of one beautiful spring was fouled with black oil, and the poor swans were covered with this horrible stuff.

The Transformation

The nest they had made beside the old mill, in which the mate of Horatius tried to hatch her eggs, was in such a condition that she deserted it, trying another in the reeds near the lock-keeper's cottage. But this one was fouled by her oily feathers in the same way, and she could not bear it. Moreover, Horatius, sickened by the sight of his own black wings, left for some unknown place, from which after a fortnight he returned white and beautiful and longing for praise. His mate recovered her beauty also, but she had deserted her second nest, and several springs went by before she attempted another.

Then came the terrible winter of 1929. The two swans were frozen into the ice, and if friends had not found them and fed them they might have died. They were liberated one sunny Sunday morning, and, flapping their stiffened wings in the sunshine, beat out a song of praise, for there was one part of the canal which, fed by a hidden spring, never froze, and to this desired haven they were brought.

How He Kept the Bridge

Life flowed more smoothly for them after that. Horatius became a little spoiled, and showed a preference for cake instead of bread. Then, in the summer of last year, an invading army of seven, two parent birds and five cygnets, approached the canal bridge, sailing in splendid formation along the water.

Horatius spread and curved his wings in fury, and bore down on the enemy like a white bird brigantine. For a whole afternoon he "kept the bridge," his mate having retreated to the lock-keeper's cottage; but he was defeated, and terrible scenes followed at the lock gates, where his mate was attacked. But once again human friends came to their aid. With the lock-keeper's help they drove the strangers away, and after a while the enemy returned to its own waters.

Now, in this lovely spring, Horatius and his mate are bravely starting another nest.

A NEW PRESIDENT BEGINS HIS WORK

FIRST MAN IN THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

M. Doumer and the Memory of His Four Brave Sons

FRANCE AND PEACE

Very early the other morning some people paid a visit to a cemetery and saw an old man kneeling by the side of a memorial stone.

When at last he rose they noticed something familiar about his features, and suddenly realised that it was M. Doumer, who had, the day before, been elected President of the French Republic.

The Street of the Four Sons

He had begun his new work by a prayer at the grave of his sons. There is a street in Paris called the Street of the Four Sons of M. Doumer, in memory of four promising men who fell in the Great War. It must have seemed strange to the old man that he should be called to finish their work, and not they his. He has been chosen to serve France at an age when most men are taking a well-earned rest, but he will not think of rest while the world is so full of trouble.

It was unfortunate for the new President that there should have been visitors to the cemetery so early, and yet we cannot help being glad that France knows how he began his reign, for surely it will inspire his countrymen with hope when they know that his election is not a mere political triumph, but is for him a sacred call to service.

M. Doumer's Prayer

We think he did not pray for himself alone, this railway navvy's son who has now become President of France; we think he prayed for his country. And we think he prayed, not for his country alone, but for all Europe and mankind. All the world will echo the words of our British Foreign Minister, Mr Arthur Henderson, speaking on France and Germany at Geneva soon after President Doumer's election. This is what Mr Henderson said at the end of his great speech, from which we quote in another column.

A Precious Asset

We are faced today by the first dispute in which the Great Powers of our Continent have been divided before the League.

Can we not here resolve that we shall reach a common plan by which agreement among us all shall be restored?

Twelve years ago our countries were at war. Our sons were fighting on the field of battle. Our peoples were divided by a gulf of hatred and suspicion which many thought it would take us a generation to remove. In these last few years we have begun to re-establish a mutual understanding.

For that result we owe an undying debt of gratitude to the great leaders of the French and German peoples. This understanding between nations who so lately were engulfed in war is the most precious asset of our Continent today. Let us enter, therefore, on the negotiations that are before us with a resolute determination to find a common plan, and so let us finally establish that understanding on foundations that no future differences between us can ever shake.

We pray that the presidency of M. Doumer will be famous for the response of France to the overwhelming desire of all the world for peace. It may truly be said that peace depends on France more than any other land, and we pray that she may have faith and trust in mankind strong enough to come into line with the English-speaking races and the rest of the European nations.

HURRAH FOR HIROSKE

SAINTE SIMEON STYLITES, who dwelled on top of a pillar, never had such a reception as Hiroske Chiba when he came down from his chimney.

The saint's motives for assuming his attitude of splendid isolation have never been fully explained, but those of Hiroske were both understood and appreciated by his fellow-countrymen in the city of Tokyo.

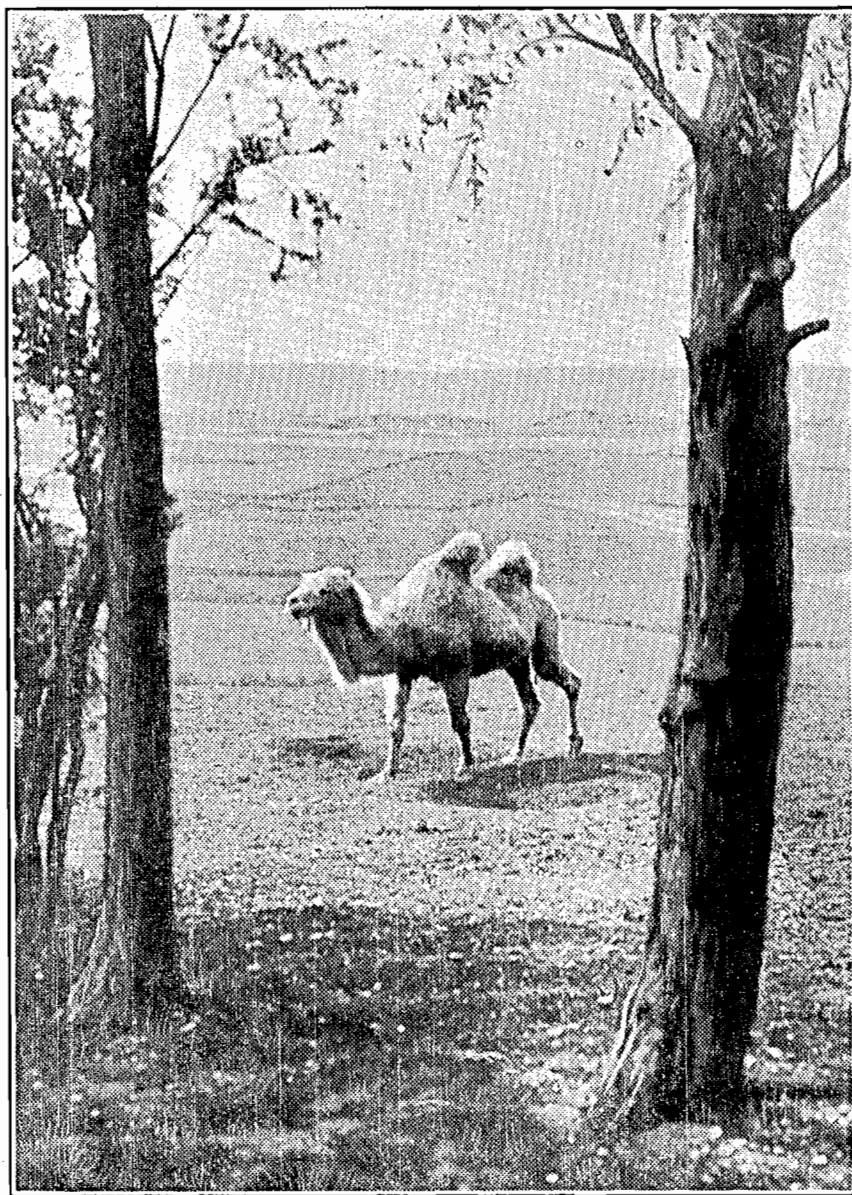
He went up on to the chimney-top as a gesture of sympathy with the strikers at a local dye works. He stopped there with undiminishing sympathy and without food till the strikers had won.

Then, and not till then, did Hiroske consent to come down, and it says much for his shrewdness that he would not descend till a signed copy of the agreement had been shown to him.

He read and was satisfied. Then he permitted himself to be lifted into a bamboo basket, which was slowly lowered to the ground.

This sort of hunger strike may be carried too far, but that Tokyo believed it was in a good cause was shown by the resounding cheers which welcomed Hiroske when, weak but triumphant, he reached the ground.

IN THE COUNTRY ZOO



This picture was taken in Bedfordshire, little more than 30 miles from London. It shows one of the camels in the new zoological park at Whipsnade. In this park, the area of which is nearly ten times that of the Zoo in Regent's Park, the animals have big enclosures of natural country in which to roam. See next column.

THE HULLO MAN

THERE has seldom been a happier ending to a quest than the finding of Mr Courtauld in his hut on the Greenland Ice Cap.

But the rescue had its humorous side. For days there had been tense anxiety about Mr Courtauld's fate at the lonely outpost where he had elected to stay. A rumour had got abroad, from what source no one knows, that he was in extremities. He was pictured as starving amid the snow and ice of the terrifying Arctic night.

An aeroplane set out to look for him, piloted with great skill and courage by the Swedish aviator Captain Ahrenberg. A party of members of the Ice Cap Meteorological Expedition, under Mr Watkins, undertook a strenuous journey

to the neighbourhood of his dwelling. They found his hut under a mound of snow. Breathlessly they approached a hole in the mound, through which no smoke came, and shouted down it in great fear that there would be no answer to their calls.

But a cheery voice hollered back: Hullo! All right! Mr Courtauld was alive, quite contented in his loneliness, and entirely unaware of the tremors which had been felt on his behalf.

The story of his vigil and of his return with the rescue party has been told. But whenever it is recalled it will be his truly British shout of Hullo! All right! that will be always remembered.

Heroism is to some as matter-of-fact as a telephone call.

WILD LIFE AS SEEN AT WHIPSNAD

ATTRACTIONS OF OUR NEW COUNTRY ZOO

Wolves Creeping Among the Trees in Bedfordshire

WARNING TO INQUISITIVE YOUNG HUMANS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's country cousin has set out on its career. The Whipsnade Zoo was opened to the public at Whitsun.

The new Zoo is in Bedfordshire, 33 miles from London, and covers 500 acres of ground rich in trees, shrubs, wild flowers, and meadowland, while a magnificent view, the voices of the birds, and a fresh breeze from the downs all contribute something to its attraction. Every effort has been made to prevent the beauty of the place from being marred, and the offence of scattering litter or destroying wild flowers will be dealt with severely.

An Open-Air Life

All creatures kept in these delightful surroundings are leading an open-air life, but have wooden huts in which to shelter. A few, such as turkeys, peafowl, cranes, and small harmless deer, are free to wander at will; and though other exhibits are in fenced paddocks their quarters are extensive.

But countryside, no matter how beautiful and extensive, does not make a zoo. Whipsnade is still far too empty. The bison park alone is half the size of the entire gardens in Regent's Park, but as it contains only a handful of some seven bison it is not impressive. Nearly every other enclosure has this same unfurnished appearance, though in some cases animals are mixed in order to demonstrate that they have the same natural habitat.

The Bird Sanctuary

Apart from birds, the majority of the exhibits consist of llamas, deer, antelopes, wild horses, bison, yaks, and other bovine creatures. The cat tribe is represented solely by two young lions. One riding elephant plods up and down a path made specially for her, earning her living by carrying visitors on her back, and there are a few bears.

To the left of the entrance there is a bird sanctuary, a thick wood full of nests and carpeted with bluebells. Some of the avians have been placed there, and others have come of their own accord, but all are fed and protected.

In a pine wood there are ash-grey timber wolves slinking silently in and out of the trees, and glaring suspiciously at intruders. One has cubs, and when she needed a nursery she deserted the hut, ignored a pile of bracken provided for her, and dug a deep hole in a sheltered corner. The wallabies, jumping over the gorse in their enclosure, are also pleasing, while a pair of flamingoes look most decorative standing in a pond situated in a hollow.

Safety First

Baby creatures are not yet plentiful, but a baby wombat in the maternal pouch and a black calf born to a pair of white cattle are all trying to popularise the Zoo's new venture.

Those who go to Whipsnade should take careful note of the warning repudiating responsibility for injuries. For the fences are not of the same strong and formidable type as those in Regent's Park; the size of their paddocks gives the exhibits a better chance of making a successful attack if annoyed, and in several places small, agile children might easily get into trouble by wriggling through the barrier separating them from wild animals.

The Whipsnade Zoological Park is not a safe place for inquisitive young humans to investigate without the guidance of their elders. *Picture on this page*

A LONG LINE OF STONE FIGURES

40 YEARS AT A
MASTERPIECE

Beautiful Frieze in a Quiet
London Court

BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS

A great work in the City of London is approaching completion. The frieze on the building of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Moorgate Place is practically finished.

This is the longest frieze of the kind in London, showing about 190 feet of carved figures running along the highest stage of this handsome building.

It has a long story. Nearly 40 years ago Sir Hamo Thornycroft began the work. He planned a procession of figures which were intended to give a representation of progress throughout the ages, and he brought it up to his day by showing a representation of modern building over the main entrance.

Beautiful Carving

The figures grew slowly, beautifully carved, standing in groups along the wall. Few people guessed what good work was being done in this quiet little court off busy Moorgate Street. Sir Hamo thought then, as many must think now, that it was a great pity the hall was so closed in. The frieze would have shown to excellent advantage across a wide road.

Over a year ago the Institute decided to extend the frieze along the new arm of the building. This would mean about 50 feet more of carved figures. Sir Hamo had died in 1925. The choice of a successor fell on Mr J. A. Stevenson, and he has almost finished a work which was particularly hard because Thornycroft had finished the tale in stone he wanted to tell.

Going Back in History

After much thought Mr Stevenson decided to go back in history and show figures of builders down the ages. He showed a Cave Man building with a heap of stones. Then he came on through Egypt, represented by a priest with a model of a pyramid, attended by a slave and an architect with his measure. The next country, Assyria, is also represented by a priest whose builder carries a tile; and in the background is a typical Assyrian Bull.

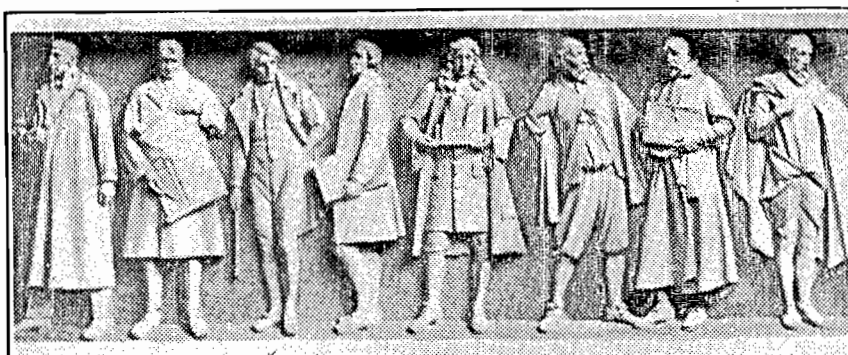
Then come three figures of ancient Greeks, one carrying compasses. Four Romans follow, the dominant figure holding a model of an arch, the revolutionary feature introduced by the Romans; a centurion here reminds us of the military control. Two figures of the Byzantine Age come next, and then a group of three representing Gothic architecture, to which belong most of our churches and cathedrals; one of the figures holds a model of an early Gothic church, and a priest stands for the inspiration of this great period of beauty. The sculptor has symbolised the following group, the Renaissance, by a child holding a mirror, for, as its name implies, its style was inspired by the architecture of ancient Greece and Rome. Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, and other great builders in this style are here, including our own genius, Wren, who carries a model of St Paul's.

Brave Work Well Done

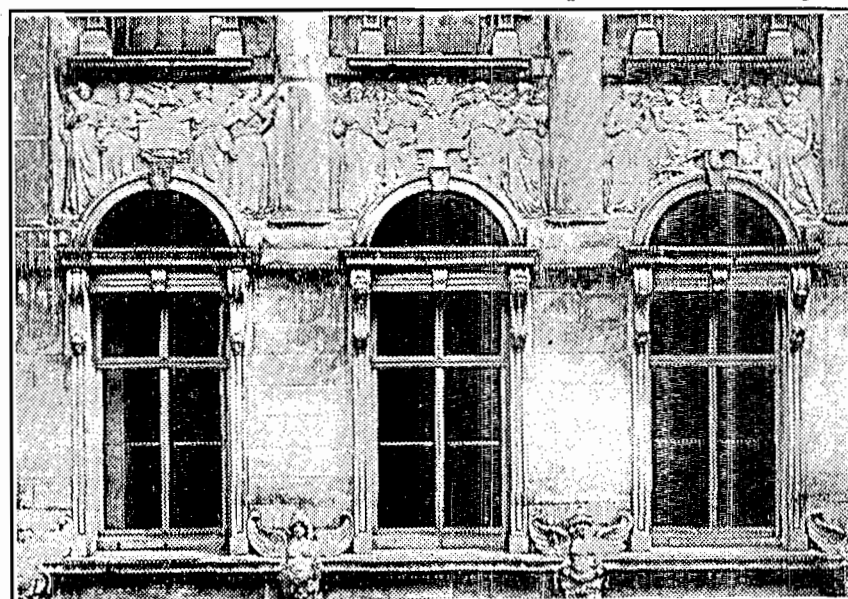
The sculptor has linked up the Renaissance with our own day by means of a figure of the architect of the building, Mr Joass, and a figure of himself as the last man working on the line, as one might say.

It is a brave work, well conceived and well done under considerable difficulties. Time is already joining the old to the new, and very soon this building will be finished, one of which any institute might be greatly proud.

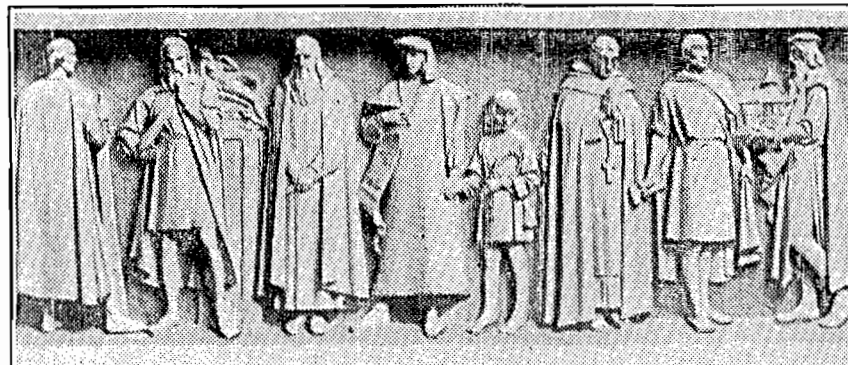
BUILDERS DOWN THE AGES



J. A. Stevenson J. J. Joass Cockerell Chambers Wren Inigo-Jones Palladio Vignola

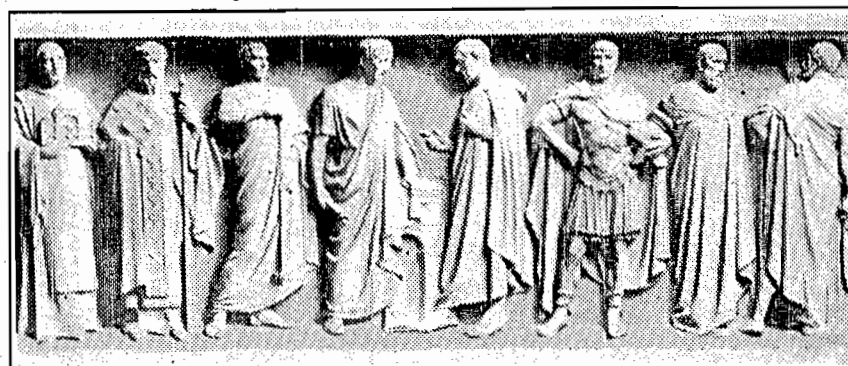


Sir Hamo Thornycroft's frieze on the Institute of Chartered Accountants building



Dramante Michael Angelo Leonardo Brunelleschi

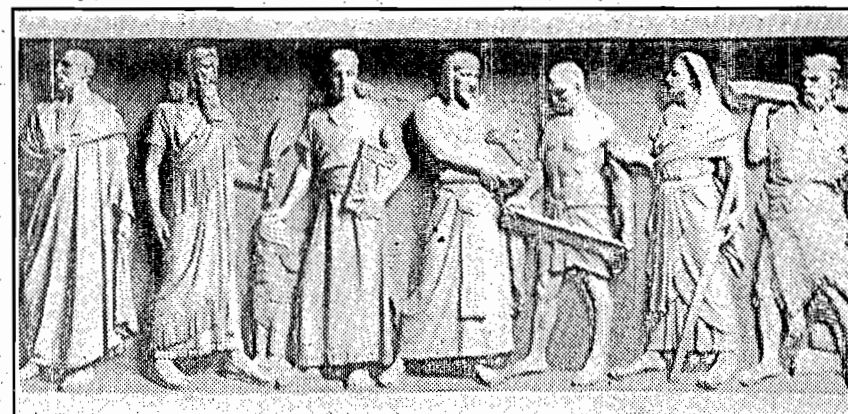
Gothic



Byzantine

Four Romans

Two Greeks



Greek

Assyrian

Egyptian

Prehistoric

The beautiful frieze which Mr J. A. Stevenson has carved for the building of the Institute of Chartered Accountants is shown here, with a section of the work Sir Hamo Thornycroft did nearly forty years ago. The new frieze is described in the first column.

THE G.P.O. AND THE COUNTRYSIDE

Use of Telegraph Poles

We yield to none in our admiration of the efficiency of the Post Office, and we are sure that the last thing it desires is that it should be used in any way for the spoiling of the countryside.

What is happening at Wrotham Heath just now is enough to break the heart of man, for glorious trees are being cut down and ugly places being put up. Even in Wrotham Church we were astonished to find the wonderful brasses on the floor all unprotected from workmen and their scaffolding. It is 700 years since an Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to a rector of Wrotham complaining of neglect; what would he say if he could see workmen treading on these brasses?

But what we wish to call the attention of the Post Office to is the use of its telegraph poles by private advertisers. At Wrotham Heath they are used by petrol stations and tea-rooms. As the telegraph poles are the property of the nation we are in the curious position of having national property used for spoiling the countryside. Perhaps the P.M.G. will look into this.

PICTURES LOST AND FOUND

Discovery of a Dürer

Who would have thought it possible that a painting by Albert Dürer could be overlooked? Yet this has happened, and in a country where artists have always been honoured.

A message from Rome says that when the director of the Siena Gallery was rearranging the collection he found a little panel about a foot long bearing a picture of Saint Jerome signed by Dürer and dated 1514. So the gallery is richer than men knew.

It would be interesting to learn how long the panel had been neglected. If such a treasure had been overlooked in a private house or church or shop it would have been nothing fresh. Not long ago a dealer in antiques was asked to go to a famous castle to advise the owner concerning the repair of a valuable piece of furniture. He was asked if he would care to go through the rooms, and was allowed to wander where he would. In a servant's bedroom he found a picture by George Morland.

PALL MALL OUT OF DATE

Pall Mall, in which there are an increasing number of places to let, is to make an effort to keep up with the times.

At the western end, where it ends by Marlborough House and St James's Palace, an island refuge is to be placed, and the traffic which swirls up or down St James's Street or the entrance to the Mall is to circulate about it in what is now called a merry-go-round. And there is a dream of a piece of grass and a plashing fountain.

Having made this move in a forward direction Pall Mall will perhaps then turn to its obstinate and defiant clock and move its hands in the way they should go. It has been wrong now since Summer Time ended last year.

This clock is a merry-go-round and a traffic block in one. One face tells the time that was, the other the time that may be, but neither ever tells the time that is, or tells the same tale.

Surely the reformation by the Palace will reach it some time, and Pall Mall will cease to be the most out of date of all our London streets.

Fifty church spires and towers can be seen from the roof of Grosvenor House in Park Lane.

It has been estimated that the value of the books in the world's libraries is 130 million pounds.

June 6, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

9

THE PLANE LOOKS AHEAD Electric Eyes

Soon aeroplanes may have eyes in their tails. They will be those electric eyes which have been made to see by the modern light-sensitive cells.

Such cells have been often described in the C.N. Their property is that when light falls on them they can set in motion a small electric current. These excited currents have been made to serve many purposes. Such, for example, as ringing bells or setting alarms in motion.

Fitted as a pair on the tail of an aeroplane these sensitive electric eyes will perceive and signal to the pilot the news of his approach to a beacon.

If the beacon light is on the left hand of the plane the electric eye on that side will blink, and in blinking will tell the pilot of the direction from which the light shines.

Another electric eye will do more. It will tell by its method of signal-sending whether the plane is nearing the light or receding from it.

Finally the electric eyes can be set so as to select this or that beacon, according to its revolving light, and to take no notice of others.

ENGLAND ROOFS THE WORLD

One More Good Thing

Six slaters from Leeds have gone 3000 miles to Bermuda to put 120 tons of Westmorland slate on a roof. The reason is that if slaters are wanted we have the best slates and the best slaters.

It might almost be said that England produces the only ones, for the art of slating is five centuries old in this island, and the craftsmen have handed down their handicraft from one generation to another.

Slate, by its smoothness, flatness, and property of cleavage into light thin slices, was first found by the Welsh quarrymen to be the ideal substance for roofing. No better has been found. A good slate roof laid by master slaters will last for hundreds of years.

It may outlast the age of concrete, and in the year 2100 will be compared in its strength and lasting qualities to the Roman brickwork.

England is a builder still.

A GOOD LAW MAKES A HARD CASE

Pity the Camping Scout

It is a good law that is bad for nobody. The Road Traffic Act has dealt a blow at the Boy Scouts.

The Boy Scouts, who pay their own way and make their pennies go as far as possible by roughing it, have hitherto conveyed themselves and their equipment to camp by motor-lorry.

It was a rough way of going, but it was cheap. Now the Road Traffic Act makes it necessary for lorries which carry passengers to take out licences and insurances like motor-coaches.

The owners of lorries cannot afford this tax, and the Scouts cannot afford the motor-coaches. Consequently some of the Scout camps and rallies will have to be given up, and that is a great pity.

Is there no way out, no other way to the camp?

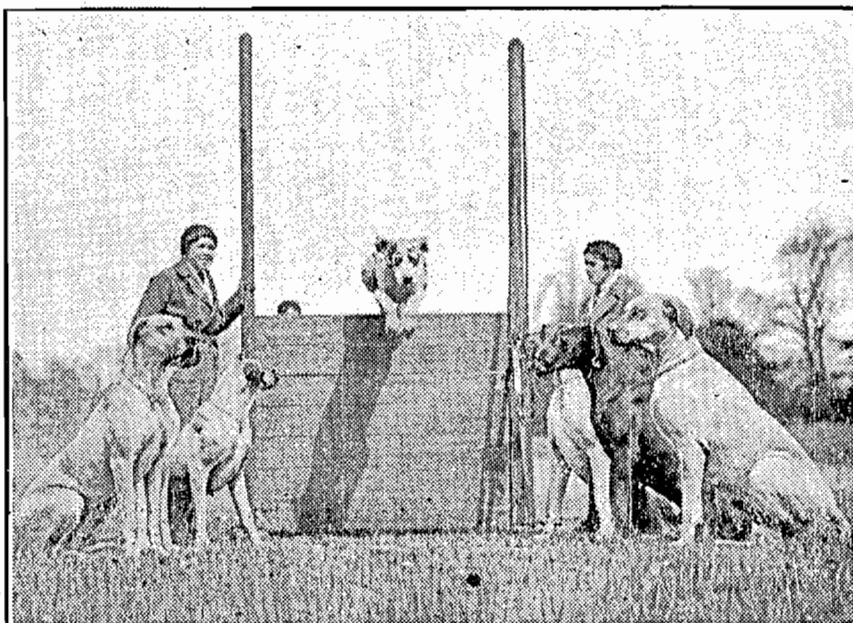
A GREAT FALL IN WAGES

There has been a considerable cut of wages in America in this trade depression.

In the State of New York the official reports show that in February the factory earnings were less than three-fourths of what they were in November.

That, of course, is a very serious reduction, and nothing like it has occurred in this country.

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



A Big Dog's Big Jump—A group of Great Danes is here seen watching one of their number leaping an obstacle at the Crystal Palace. The Great Dane, a very powerful dog, is widely used on the Continent as a watchdog.



Walking on Water—This Austrian girl has brought a pair of water-boots to England and is testing them at Hendon. She may attempt to walk across the English Channel.



Dancing Without Music—No music can be heard by these little dancers, for they are pupils of the school for deaf girls at Burgess Hill, in Sussex. They dance well, however, by following their teacher, who is also deaf.

SIR JOSHUA'S SISTER

HER PORTRAIT OF DR JOHNSON'S FRIEND

The Great Man's Beautiful Friendship With Blind Anna

A TREASURE FOR JOHNSON HOUSE?

If the efforts of a number of people prove successful a most interesting picture may shortly be hung in Dr Johnson's house in Gough Square.

It is interesting for several reasons. It was painted by Miss Frances Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua, it is the portrait of one of Dr Johnson's dear friends, and it is an eternal reminder of his good and charitable nature.

The lady of the picture was Anna Williams, the daughter of a Welsh doctor. Hers was a sad and brave story. She was born in 1706, was well educated, and grew up with a certain gift for writing and literary aspirations. In young womanhood trouble with her eyes developed, and presently, with double cataracts, she went to a London doctor. Poor Anna's operations were not successful, and she was only 34 when she went quite blind. That was just three years after Johnson, with just twopenny halfpenny in his pocket, had come to London to fight for a living.

Keeping Friendship in Repair

These two became acquainted, and the schoolmaster writer, struggling through his hardest years, found time to do her much kindness. Presently the Johnsons took her into their strange household. She was with them in Gough Square from 1752 to 1758. Perhaps it was because during that time he was so often in great straits himself that he had room in his life for helping others.

And then this giant of a worker had a genius for friendship. "Keep your friendships in repair," he used to say.

Dr Johnson certainly kept his friendship with this brave, kind woman in repair. During the years he lived in Gray's Inn he saw her daily, drank tea with her every night, says Boswell, before he went home, however late it might be.

A Member of the Household

In 1766 Anna published her *Miscellanies* in prose and verse, some of which Dr Johnson wrote and some he revised. She was now a member of the household again. Years passed by. Johnson had become one of the most famous men in London, an original member of the renowned Literary Club which Sir Joshua Reynolds had founded in 1764. He had many friends, among the high and the lowly, and one by one death took the best of them away.

Goldsmith, Garrick, Beauclerk, and Mr Thrale died within a few years of each other. But there was always blind Anna at home. In September, 1783, she passed away, and there passed with her something of the vitality of the great soul who had befriended her.

The Story of the Picture

Wrote he: "Death has likewise visited my mournful habitation. Last month died Anna Williams, who has been to me for 30 years in the place of a sister; her knowledge was great, and her conversation pleasing. I now live in cheerless solitude."

Before the year 1784 was out the lonely man had passed away himself.

Little is known about the picture. It was for some time in the possession of Boswell. It was engraved by James Stalker in 1817. In the strange way of pictures it seems to have disappeared for about a hundred years. Thirty years ago it reappeared and is now the property of Mr Gabriel Wells, who is waiting to see if the Johnson House Committee can find money for it.

We sincerely hope they will.

BOOK-O!**THE CRY THROUGHOUT THE LAND**

Town and County Libraries Helping One Another

A GREAT MOVEMENT'S PROGRESS

Just when we thought the old trade signs were disappearing along comes a new one.

All over the country now can be seen the Sign of the Torch. If, as we like to think, the County Libraries chose this sign in a spirit of optimism, hoping it represented the unquenchable flame in the heart of each villager ready to consume the books they could supply him with, it was a bit of optimism that shows itself well justified.

The new Report of the County Libraries makes splendid reading. The desire for books is growing yearly, and nowhere does it burn more brightly or consume more books than in the heart of the Midlothians, where the average works out to four books issued to every man, woman, and child last year. Roxburghshire is next, and then the English counties begin.

Lancashire's Fine Lead

In the number of books issued last year Lancashire leads with over a million and a half, half a million more than the year before. Then follow Kent, West Riding, and Middlesex, all with over a million. Durham joins these counties in having a stock of books numbering more than 100,000.

Durham and Lancashire spent over £5000 on books alone; Kent spent over £6000, and West Riding over £7000.

It seems a lot of money, but it is as wisely spent as money can be. The Report shows that where counties have kept down their stock and have many centres with less than 100 books the issues to readers have been correspondingly low. There must be a good supply of books to feed the flame, or it will begin to flicker and die out. It is waste of money to run the service on starvation lines.

A Fairy Godmother

Two great schemes of cooperation are developing in this world of books.

The Library Association is to bring its two branches more closely together, and the Carnegie Trust watches over them like a fairy godmother. Small municipal libraries which cooperate will receive something to their advantage, and so will county libraries prepared to help by supplying town-dwellers.

It is obvious that the town libraries, established for many years, must contain rare books, special collections, and reference books now out of print. It is also obvious that they must have a lot of books now out of date and practically useless. They need new stock. The county libraries, still in their early teens, have entirely new stock, but want a little of the old brand. How sensible that they should start helping each other!

Trade Signs and Street Calls

The second big scheme carries this idea a little farther. It is a scheme of Regional Cooperation, each library in a group having access to any other library in the group. If a farm labourer in Worcestershire wants a technical book on the diseases of mangel-wurzels and a Warwickshire library has such a book the labourer will get it.

It is all very admirable. Soon every housewife will be able to order any book she fancies, just as she orders a pint or a quart of milk, and perhaps just as the libraries have given fresh life to the trade sign so they will to the old street calls, and throughout the land the cry of Book-O! will be heard.

The B.B.C. announces that two pigeons have been picked up dead at Brookmans Park Station.

LIGHTING LAMPS FROM THE AIR
Balloons to Collect the Current

While some inventors are trying to get power from the sea others have turned their attention toward the air.

Some fascinating experiments have been carried out on Mont Blanc, where the difference between the electric potential at different heights has been used to light lamps. The trouble is that there is a difference of something like 300,000 volts between two air levels a thousand yards apart, but the current is exceedingly small.

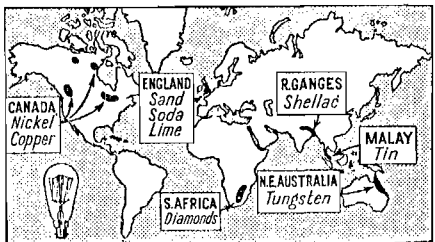
A Paris inventor has now thought of using neon lamps: the pink or reddish glowing lamps used for advertisement signs which do actually require a high voltage and practically no current. Dr Zildard of Paris has succeeded in lighting neon lamps by means of atmospheric currents, and hopes to collect a useful amount by special balloons.

Light metal rings are to be placed round the gasbags of the balloons, and these will be connected together and act as collectors. They will be joined to a wire that will bring the current down to earth. In these days, when engineers begin to use million-volt currents for power lines, the idea of light from the air is by no means fantastic.

WHERE YOUR ELECTRIC LAMP COMES FROM

Things culled from many parts of the world are used in the making of an electric lamp.

The filament is made of tungsten found in North-Eastern Australia. The shellac used in cementing the lamp cap to the glass bulb is made by insects in the valley of the River Ganges. The leading-in wires are manufactured from



nickel and copper mined in Canada; the tin for the solder comes from the Malay States; and the sand, soda, and lime used in making the glass globes is found in England. The tungsten filaments are drawn through diamond dies made with South African stones.

All the raw materials used in the electric lamp are obtained within the Empire.

WHAT SMOKE MEANS TO THE LONDONER

The worst feature of large towns is the smoke, which interferes with the sunlight.

This is clearly shown by the duration of sunshine in winter between Oxford and Greenwich. In December Oxford receives on an average 43 hours' sunshine and Richmond does almost as well with 37 hours.

When we come to Westminster we find that the sunshine totals only 16 hours, and the City gives us the appallingly low figure of 8 hours for the whole month, less than a fifth of the natural amount.

Going on to Greenwich the duration increases again to 27 hours, and the minimum over the City can only be attributed to the pall of smoke.

In the three winter months the City loses 108 hours of sunshine compared with Oxford, and in the whole year as much as 343 hours. Moreover, even when the Sun does shine on the City it is a red and smoky Sun, not to be compared in its beneficial effects with real sunshine.

Dr C. E. P. Brooks

A LITTLE KNOWN HOMELAND
The Bedouin Arab and His Desert

How little we know of the wonderful peninsula of Arabia, which the Turks call Arabistan.

Its enormous area, some 1,200,000 square miles, lying between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, is roughly estimated to contain seven million people, but this figure amounts to little more than rough guesswork. A very large part of this great territory is desert.

The inhabitants are interesting, indeed fascinating, people, some of whom live in settled communities, mainly along the coast, under the rule of their own native princes. The remainder are the nomad Arabs known as Bedouins.

Our Debt to the Arabs

Civilisation owes much to the Arabs, to their poets, their artists, and their scientists. One of the first encyclopedias was compiled in Arabia, and the Arabic words alchemy and algebra remind us that the Arabs were among the earliest of the scientists and mathematicians. The science of medicine arose in Arabia. And none of us is likely to forget that wonderful book of Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Mr Eldon Rutter has been giving the Royal Geographical Society some interesting notes on the Arabian desert. We are to picture it as a naked, yellow waste of sand, gravel, and limestone, in parts covered with black volcanic lava. Great areas consist merely of a sea of land more desolate than the ocean. The horizons, mostly unbroken, are sometimes the backgrounds of rocky pinnacles standing up like fangs to symbolise the desert's eternal hunger.

Here and there oases and human settlements are founded near springs, but in the whole country there is not one river or stream which reaches the sea. Wells are dotted about the desert, but at great distances apart.

Where Comfort is Unknown

Apart from palm groves and the fruit and vegetable cultivation of the oases vegetation hardly exists. The only tree is a stunted acacia, rarely larger than a bush. On the coast is found the invaluable tamarisk, which loves the sea. Grass grows sparsely in many places, but much of it is very coarse.

It is astonishing that the Bedouin Arabs can exist in this wilderness. Comfort, as we regard it, is unknown to them, for their terrible country makes it impossible to cultivate ease. They have a saying that they are perfectly happy if they can camp where there is water, grass, and brushwood. With these things, his camels, his family, tobacco, and coffee, the Arab is content. His house is a tent of hair cloth.

As in the Days of Abraham

The Bedouin reads the desert as we read a newspaper. Where we can see nothing he can perceive a distant encampment and tracks which tell him of caravans that have passed, of their origin and destination and how they were loaded. His chief business is to breed the camel, that wonderful animal which is only more useful than a horse because of its hardihood. The best camels are those feeding on the coarse pasturage of the desert.

The national sport of the Bedouins is the raiding of hostile tribes, to steal their flocks and herds. Thus it was in the days of Abraham—and thus it is today. The only change, we are told, is that the Bedouins have come to possess firearms, Manchester cotton, and tobacco. True nomads, they never stay long in one spot. As soon as the camels have consumed the herbage at one place the tribe moves on with its light equipment to pastures new.

SAFETY GLASS
The Jar That Did Not Break**HOW EDWARD BENEDICTUS THOUGHT OF IT**

This is the curious experience which Edward Benedictus, a physician and descendant of Spinoza, related to a friend just before he died last year. It has just been sent to us.

I was on the top of a ladder putting my laboratory in order (he said), shifting the glass jars, when one of them fell to the floor. When I picked it up it was to all appearances undamaged, but on closer examination it proved to be covered inside with delicate cracks, like Bohemian glass. Never had such a thing happened before.

This strange bottle, which might perhaps have held two pints, still bore the old label of the solution which had been put into it fifteen years before, and my deduction was that some chemical action had saved the glass from breaking.

Thirty Years After

The fluid contained in the jar for fifteen years had evaporated, leaving the inside lined with a coat of enamel gelatine, quite fast. When the jar fell not a particle of the glass had become detached from the gelatine lining, nor seemed likely to get loose.

After having considered the matter I put the jar back on its shelf with a new label and forgot all about it for thirty years. Then two serious motor accidents fell under my notice. One day a young lady friend of mine cut herself badly with the glass of her car; a few weeks later I was present at a similar calamity.

Thinking over these two accidents, the idea of the glass jar flashed through my mind. I rushed to the laboratory, seized the bottle, and fell so absorbed in the contemplation of it that they found me still in the same position the next morning. I had been living nine hours in another world.

By that time the device of Safety Glass had taken shape in my mind, and I worked it out quite easily.

THE DAILY HORROR
Getting Tired Of It

We thank the Rev C. M. Wright and our good friends of the Rosslyn Hill Chapel for the encouraging tribute to the C.N. which we have found in their April News Sheet.

This is what they say.

How weary one gets of the news in the Daily Horror, the Hourly Howl, and Sensational Snippets. The news-vans rush up and down the hill, adorned with a placard: Was She Poisoned? Murder of a Gangster. Arrest of Town Councillor. This is news. It makes one as cheerful as a moribund fly clinging by one leg to a dissolving iceberg floating on an evaporating sea.

We should be horrified at the idea of eating tainted fish, or eggs which had outlived their usefulness, or bread which had become the dwelling-place of microscopic flora and fauna; and yet this is the news which is absorbed day after day. No wonder people become melancholy.

Why not try the Children's Newspaper as an antidote? It is a wonderful little paper. It tells of all the jolly, happy, encouraging things which are happening the world over. It restores one's faith in human nature. It makes one realise there is plenty of good news which the grown-up newspapers never report, and that the savour and sweetness of life are being maintained by unknown average people who, though often bewildered by the problems of life, nevertheless go steadily on, paying their way, earning their living, and trying to be friendly, kindly, and courageous.

Alcohol is Bad for You

June 6, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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AN IMMENSE FURNACE IN THE SKY

Light That Takes 56 Years
To Reach Us

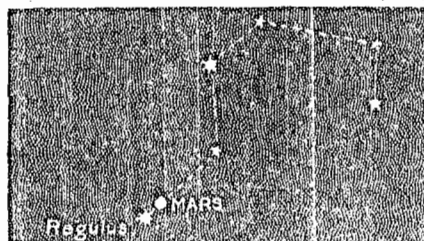
MARS AND REGULUS CONTRASTED

By the C.N. Astronomer

The world of Mars is now drawing near to Regulus, the chief star in the constellation of Leo, and it will be interesting to watch the planet travel past the star in the course of next week.

They will appear at their nearest on Monday evening, when Mars will be above Regulus, about twice the Moon's apparent width away.

They will look like a remarkable pair of twin stars in the north-west sky, and with the aid of the star-map may be



The position of Mars relative to Regulus and the Sickle of Leo on Monday, June 8

easily identified, though the light evenings and the absence of a really dark sky will considerably dim their radiance.

Though these two celestial bodies appear so similar to the eye actually Mars is a small world, little more than half the width of our own and only 4200 miles in diameter, while Regulus is an immense incandescent furnace and a sun that radiates 70 times as much light as our Sun. No less than 8,650,000 worlds the size of Mars would be required to make a sphere the size of the Sun; from which we may infer how colossal Regulus is as compared with Mars, even though we do not know at present the exact diameter of Regulus.

That two bodies like Mars and Regulus should appear so similar while so vastly different in size is still more accentuated when they are viewed through a telescope, for then Mars appears to be much the larger. At the present time he appears as a little sphere five and a half seconds of arc in diameter, whereas although Regulus appears intensely bright no sphere or measurable disc is perceptible, even when viewed through the most powerful telescopes.

It is of course the immense difference in distance which accounts for this. Were Regulus as near to us as Mars it would appear as an intensely white hot disc rather more than twice the width of our Sun and very much more brilliant, for Regulus belongs to a much hotter type of sun than ours, known as the B Class. If Regulus were as near to us as our Sun it would probably appear between three and four times the width, so that our world, together with all it contains, would roll through space with a boiling temperature, its seas converted into dense clouds of steam or vapour.

The Movements of Mars

Fortunately for us Regulus is too far away for its distance to be mentally grasped—nearly seven million times more distant than Mars is from us; so, as Mars is just now about 155 million miles away, the number of miles can be easily calculated.

The light from Mars, which is, of course, reflected sunlight, takes at the present time about 14 minutes to reach us; but from Regulus it takes 56 years. We see, therefore, how very much closer Mars is to us than he is to Regulus, notwithstanding his apparent nearness to the star in the sky.

Mars will be seen from evening to evening to move gradually away to the left of Regulus, and it will be about a year and eleven months before he will again approach so near. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

What the League is Doing EVERYDAY WORK AT GENEVA

Number of Members—26,135

Those who do not follow its activities must often ask what the League of Nations is doing all the time, and it is good to remind ourselves that the League is constantly at work on matters of ordinary concern to most of us.

All members of an island race are naturally interested in the sea. So is the League of Nations. Lately the League called a conference to consider such things as signals, buoys, and light-houses. Men from more than thirty States met together, not meeting in Geneva in a land-locked State, but at Lisbon on the coast, whither they were invited by the Portuguese Government.

There they discussed buoys of every kind, their shapes and colours, and agreed that each State would use the same shapes and colours as every other. A buoy marking a quarantine area, for example, should always be yellow, as that is the colour in general use for health indications; and one marking an area in which hydroplanes may alight should always be white with a large blue cross, clearly visible.

The Spirit of Friendliness

They discussed lighthouses, their flashes and colours, to see if they could be made uniform so that each colour and flash has the same meaning on whatever coast it may be.

Such matters as these taking up the attention of the League may move people to inquire What has this to do with war and peace? Well, it is the way the League works to bring about a spirit of friendliness and to avert the cause of quarrels. Every muddle cleared away from international affairs means one less cause for trouble. It is by never ceasing, never resting, in clearing away causes for quarrels that the League is doing some of its best work for peace.

And so it should be with all of us. We should live no day without a word for the League, no week without enlisting one more supporter for it. It is the only anchor of the world against shipwreck by war. What are you doing to strengthen its hold?

Why not enlist your nearest friend this week?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed to:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Why Do the Prayer Book Psalms Differ From Those in the Bible?

Because they are taken from the version of the Great Bible of 1540.

What Are the Three Estates of the Realm?

The phrase is commonly applied to those possessing political power in a State. In England the three estates are: the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons.

Why Are Place-Names on Old English Coins?

In Saxon and Norman times there existed provincial mints in different parts of England—in Canterbury, Durham, York, and so on; the names indicate the place of origin.

Why Does the Year Begin Ten Days After the Shortest Day?

The English year used to begin on Christmas Day. In 1607 it was altered to January 1 and in 1155 to March 25. In the year 1751 the error in the Julian Calendar was rectified by the elimination of 11 days, and 1752 began on a first of January, which was 11 days after the shortest day.

MR FORD AND THE REFUSE DUMP THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH GROWING UP

The Great Rise of Dagenham's
Factory Town

OLD ENGLAND NOT YET DONE WITH

Go down the River Thames from London Bridge to Dagenham, on the Essex shore, and you begin to wonder how long it will be before London-on-Thames becomes London-by-the-Sea.

At Dagenham, where the new Ford motor-car works are springing up in a forest of steel columns and latticed girders, the waste land of Essex is being transformed into an industrial town. Some 500 acres which nobody wanted have been made to bear a factory to turn out what everybody wants, and to provide work for thousands in the process.

Another Industrial Revolution

Even in the palmiest days of the industrial revolution of the 19th century, which made England so wealthy and so prosperous, nothing was ever done on a bigger scale than the things being done now, of which the Dagenham works are one example.

The revolution which came with steam and railways created the Industrial North, where coal and iron were close at hand. The Twentieth Century is building an Industrial South in circumstances far less easy. It is significant of the change that has come with our times that the great new factory has been built on piles.

When the builders came to survey the spot, which was otherwise well fitted for the site and purpose of the enterprise, they found the ground too infirm for their purpose. They did not stop for a little thing like that. They drove nearly 14,000 piles into the ground, 50, 60, 70, even 80 feet deep.

Tons of Windows

The piles are of reinforced concrete, and each of these giant nails has a number and a history. Some pierced the soft mud in a few seconds. Others took a thousand blows of the four-ton hammer before being driven down a foot.

On this patterned flooring of piles, which is like a concrete parquet, a steel factory greater than any cathedral has gone up. One side of it is 1000 feet long. It has tons of windows. Touch an electric button and eight tons of windows, a stretch 200 feet long, are opened. There are five such electric switches for the 1000-yards wall.

There are walks for the window cleaners. Each "cat walk" runs the whole length of the factory, and the cleaners, taking a hose with them, will walk six miles in making the glass clean enough to please Mr Ford, who likes light to come into his factory.

A Great Service to London

A building of steel and concrete and glass sounds frigid, and would certainly be cold in winter and hot in summer unless there were something to govern extremes of temperature. To make the control of these easier the whole vast floor space is wood paved—a wooden parquet over the concrete piles. Eight million wooden blocks will be needed.

The factory has its own wells for water, sunk 450 feet, far below the bed of the river, in the chalk. It will have its own Power House, which could supply a town of 50,000 people, and its own blast furnace, able to deal with 2000 tons of iron ore a day.

It will be a self-contained factory town, and its last and not least service to London Town will be that of dealing with the evil-smelling dump of refuse which has been accumulating for years at Dagenham in spite of every protest. The factory is going to burn the dump.



HEALTHIEST BOY.....

"Many people tell me John is the healthiest four-year-old they know," his mother says. "California Syrup of Figs" deserves much of the credit for his splendid condition. I have used it for him regularly since babyhood. I have given it to him, too, for upsets and colds. It always makes him normal in a few hours."

Millions of mothers know the quick, pleasant way to end a child's irregularities; relieve his biliousness, feverishness, headaches; increase appetite and energy, is with a few spoonfuls of "California Syrup of Figs."

Now, many are learning they can prevent troubles of this kind; keep a child in fine condition by the regular weekly dose of this same pure vegetable product which doctors everywhere endorse. Children love its flavour. It acts without discomfort or harm, 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasize the word "California" and avoid mistakes.

**"CALIFORNIA
SYRUP OF FIGS"**

IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN

The Kolynos Kiddies No 4



The Kolynos Kiddies,
Both Colin and Kate,
Were bathing dog Spot,
Quite resigned to his fate.

Said Colin: "His teeth
Are so clean and so bright,
I'm sure HE'S tried Kolynos
Morning and night!"

Nature provides for the preservation and strengthening of a dog's teeth by the bones which it gnaws. Human beings eat many soft foods which would undoubtedly lead to the decay of the teeth unless special methods were used to keep them clean.

Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush is sufficient to free the mouth from all particles of food after a meal, to strengthen the gums, and to drive away all the acid-germs which have collected. Kolynos leaves a lovely feeling of real cleanliness in the mouth.

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All dentists recommend Kolynos; every chemist sells it.



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Nature teaches even children to like the food that is good for them. Flavour aids digestion. That is one of the many reasons for using always

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The Good BEEF SUET

It makes every dish more palatable besides saving the trouble of chopping, and contains all the nutriment of raw suet—the best of the beef—without its waste and moisture.

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Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give 12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour to children of poverty from slum homes of East London's Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to—The Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH,

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President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

"Well run Sir!"

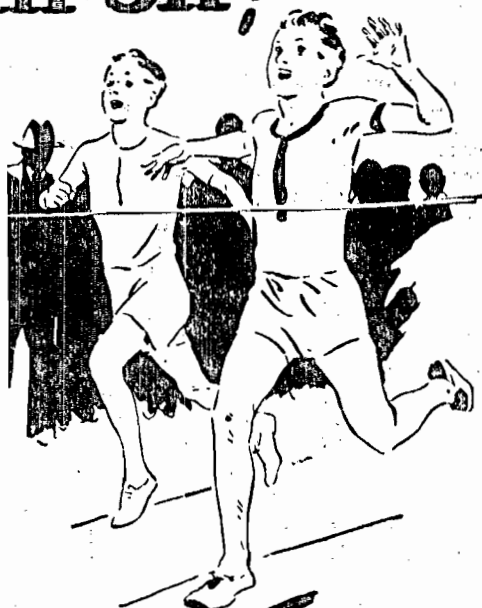
A WELL MATCHED pair, a close heat, a slight advantage gained—he's home!

Both of them are fit as a fiddle through strenuous training, and Wrigley's helps. The pure cool flavour refreshes you—keeps the mouth fresh.

Wrigley's is also good for you "after every meal." It aids digestion and cleanses the teeth.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour; and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, but the finest quality money can buy.

The Flavour lasts—British made



A WORLD CONFERENCE FOR THE BLIND

DELEGATES FROM 36 COUNTRIES

The Blind Boy of Tennessee and His Work For England

HANDICAPPED BUT NOT DEFEATED

Men and women from 36 countries have been attending the first World Conference for the Blind.

They met in New York to pool their experience and ideas, so that the five million blind people throughout the world should have the benefit of the combined efforts of all nations.

England sent ten representatives, including Mr Eagar, of the National Institute for the Blind, and Captain Ian Fraser, whose last sight of this world was when he looked on the horrors of the Battle of the Somme.

The Guests of Honour

The first day of the conference was spent in getting to know each other and in greeting the guests of honour, two women whose story has already been told in these pages—Helen Keller and her friend Mrs Macy. It was through Mrs Macy's guidance and teaching that Helen Keller, who cannot see or hear or speak, has become a fine scholar and a great worker, and has helped many other handicapped people through the medium of her books.

And then the discussions started. Every source of knowledge was tapped, every experiment explained. It was urged that if right methods were followed the blind might live normal lives, working in industry, in their own homes or in offices, or by taking up professions. The right methods were then explained, and the delegates spoke with authority, for there were many among them who had lost their sight and yet were fine scholars, doctors, and musicians.

New Hope for the Afflicted

So much was learned and taught during the conference that it is hoped an International Bureau for the Blind will be started to continue its work, and to act as a great clearing-house for all information concerning blindness.

There is hope here for those who feel that in losing their sight they have lost everything. Everything has not gone from them. With training and goodwill they may make many a sighted person feel a poor and foolish creature.

Hope, too, is in the story of the little boy, born in a cabin in the mountains of Tennessee, who thought five years old was not too soon to start helping his father to clear the land. He hammered away at a sapling until a chip flew up and pierced his eye.

His mother was his only doctor in that far-away place. She did her best, but the sight went from the eye and the other eye became inflamed. The mother bathed and bandaged and prayed, and sometimes when the Sun set she would take the little fellow to where the valley lay spread before him. "How far can you see tonight?" she would ask him.

An Eagerly-Awaited Moment

One spring day, when the valley below was clouded pink with peach blossom, she waited eagerly for the moment when she might remove the bandages. Joey knew there was a surprise in store for him that evening, and spent the day in guessing. But when at sunset the bandages were taken off Joey did not clap his hands: he stood there waiting, waiting for the surprise he would never enjoy, for he could no longer see at all.

When a little older he was sent to a school for the blind at Nashville. Still surging in his head were the sounds he had loved in that cabin in the mountains: the wind and the rain, the birds, and the snatches of song that were hummed by his mother. Music was everything

THE TOWER IS SLIPPING DOWN

Moving Slowly Toward the River

Some of the cracks of age are beginning to show themselves in the Tower of London.

They become visible like wrinkles on its brow because after all these years its feet are beginning to slip a little.

The great old fortress is not built upon a rock, but on London's slippery blue clay. The blue clay is not more immovable than the Tower. Consequently, as the foundations after all these centuries settle a little lower, the whole structure slowly moves toward the river which it was built to guard.

It moves far more slowly than anything else that is measured except perhaps that Alpine height near Bellinzona which was long expected to cast itself down into the valley; and it does not seem to move all in a piece. The quay wall next the Thames, for example, appears to be moving one-twenty-fifth of an inch a year away from the river. The Salt Tower, which was built six centuries ago, is moving toward it at the same rate.

A Dire Possibility

In a generation from now the Salt Tower should therefore be more than an inch nearer the river, and that does not seem a very important move if it were not for two things.

The first is that movement of such a kind is accompanied by cracks in the fabric which are symptoms that something worse may befall. The second is that when lateral movement begins there is no telling when it may not suddenly increase or where it may stop.

For these reasons the National Physical Laboratory is watching the cracks carefully with all its delicate instruments in order to guard against the dire possibility that the Salt Tower should suddenly plunge into the Thames.

Continued from the previous column

to him, and he learned so well that soon he was teaching others at Boston.

He came to London and here he was saddened by the condition of many of the blind. He longed to start for them a school like that at Boston, with a musical training as the foundation. A good friend of the blind, Dr T. R. Armitage, promised £1000 if Mr Campbell could collect the rest.

The Duke of Westminster, at that time the Rockefeller of England, agreed to attend a meeting of the men Mr Campbell had interested in the scheme. After outlining his idea and explaining the possibilities it would open to the blind Mr Campbell left the meeting.

The Duke missed him, and could not believe he had returned to his lodgings unattended. Setting off in his brougham he followed the blind man through the traffic. When he went down on the Underground the Duke got out and followed him. He saw him buy his ticket, and then, tapping him on the shoulder, said "Mr Campbell?" "Yes, your Grace," replied the blind man.

From that moment the Duke's mind was made up. "If you can do these things others can with training," he said. "You may count on me."

That is how the Normal College for the Blind was started in London. Mr Campbell gave up all idea of returning to America, staying and working at his new college till his blind musicians were famous, and one of the greatest musical directors in Germany came to lead the choir and symphony orchestra in a concert which thrilled all London.

That is the story of the blind boy from Tennessee who ended his days as Sir Francis Campbell. He never went back to America, but many of the people he taught must have been at the New York Conference, passing on his ideas, and telling with his story of the hope that passed into achievement the future from which no man is barred by blindness.

June 6, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby HadathCHAPTER 17
Saracen's Walk

THEY called it Saracen's Walk after that famous headmaster who had cut such a figure in James the Second's time, when they had charged him with sheltering fugitives during Monmouth's Rebellion.

He was said to have hidden a number of them in the school buildings while Judge Jeffreys, of evil memory, was scouring the country for them, and eventually to have smuggled them safely out through this narrow alley between two high hedges of clipped boxwood at the very moment that the judge's troopers were galloping up to the gates.

So Saracen's Walk the alley remains to this day, leading still from the west corner of the Head's garden beyond the sundial and summer-house, through a gate, generally kept locked, and through a door in a wall at its other end down to the sandhills by means of which Dr Saracen got his friends off. For when he had hurried them through his boxwood alley, whose thickness and height afforded an excellent screen, he led them across the feathery marsh to the sandhills, where they are said to have lain concealed for forty-eight hours, till a fishing vessel took them over the water.

Judge Jeffreys raged. But feeling was turning against him, and though he accumulated a good deal of evidence he never managed to establish his charge against the staunch doctor.

Dr Saracen's portrait hangs in the hall, and shows a gaunt man in ruffles with a noble forehead and a large, amused mouth. People look at it and vow the old man is smiling at the thought of how he bested the atrocious Jeffreys. Maybe the artist put that touch in on purpose, as a quiet joke between himself and his sitter.

Well, Dr Saracen used to be dearly fond of that alley; he had planned it, they said, for the smoking of his tobacco. And every headmaster since has been fond of the alley and at pains to keep its hardy hedges well trimmed. Saracen's Walk! The name conjures up the Crusades, so that many a new boy before he has heard its real origin will wonder what the Saracens came to do there and perhaps picture their swarthy, shouting hordes storming the school. But Trytton had heard all about the Walk from his brother.

He knew as well that he had no right to poke his nose there. Still, it seemed worth a shot this Saturday afternoon; he could find nothing more exciting to do before roll-call. Pickles was down with a headache or something absurd; and Bonner couldn't be found.

Trytton didn't think it wise to attempt Saracen's Walk from the Head's garden end; the other end was the safer. Of course he might, he believed, have sneaked through the garden, but the little gate to the Walk would be locked for a certainty. And so would the door at the other end. He knew that. But a chap might climb over there with less chance of being spotted.

The sandhills are there still. But the lonely marsh which used to stretch in the good doctor's day between them and his Walk has been reclaimed long since, to be littered with bungalows. Dr Saracen might well rub his eyes to behold these.

Trytton did not rub his eyes, but he rubbed his hands happily at finding no one in sight among the bungalows, many of which were waiting for summer's return, and to one of such he advanced to spy out the land.

First he crept to a porch at the back, but all he could see was a rubbish heap, some rank grass, and a tarred toolshed. So he went as far as this shed and shinned to its roof and there, like a gazer on some far mountain pinnacle, he slanted his head on one side and surveyed the prospect.

This showed a substantial house with grand iron gates at its entrance and adjoining its grounds at the back a mellow red wall. His eyes lighted up. That mellow wall was the Head's wall. If the little door from Saracen's Walk came out there, as he judged it must, it came out in the grounds of the house.

That's what he wanted to know, or to make certain of. And that was the way to get at Saracen's Walk. As likely as not the people who lived in the house allowed the Head a right of way through their grounds. But would they allow a right of way to himself? Not much! They'd soon send him about his business.

But his business, he told himself, was to get to this alley. How was he to work it? Suppose he marched up to the house, rang their front bell, and inquired politely if he

could walk in the grounds? They'd twig at once where he came from and think he was ragging them. Whoever heard of a boy from Sandhill going up to a house and asking to walk in its grounds!

Trytton slid down from the toolshed. He'd seen all he wanted. He made his way round by the road till he came to the house, or rather to its iron gates—very imposing ones. A leering dragon was wrought on them, with its tail in its mouth. The leer reminded him of Gosling.

He tried the gates, and finding they opened easily slipped through and into a drive that wound round a corner. He stopped at this corner, and peered. He could see the house clearly, and perceiving no one about he stepped off the drive and went silently across a lawn which was screened by some beeches. Behind one of these he paused, but only in time, for at the same moment a man came out of the house and, after glancing round him, marched down the drive.

Trytton watched him from behind the bole of his beech, watched him disappear round the corner, then heard the gates clang. The coast was clear, but he waited to take his bearings and decide, now that he could reckon the door's position in the wall, whether to make a dash for it or go creeping on.

Still, in either case, he had to get round the house. And that, he reminded himself, meant passing its windows. He resolved to stalk his way round, creeping from cover to cover and trusting to luck.

CHAPTER 18
An Encounter

LUCK failed him at last. He was scarcely a step from the tree when another figure appeared between him and the house. It was that of an old man in shabby clothes who walked with a stoop and was carrying a dustbin full of dead leaves. A gardener, Trytton thought, on his way to burn rubbish; and with this reflection he darted back to his shelter. The old man came on, and was hobbling straight toward his refuge when a voice from the house called "Fitch!" and, more loudly, "Fitch! Fitch!" again.

He's deaf, thought Trytton. And then his brain flashed a question. Where had he heard that name? Who had mentioned it recently?

Trytton had it! As the old man set down his load and went hobbling back, with a grumble that seemed to reach all over the lawn, Trytton's mind was repeating a story about a ferryman called Fitch, or some such name, the Mixed One had told.

The Adam's apple in Trytton's throat worked in excitement.

Oh, suppose this Fitch was that Fitch. He might be. Fitch wasn't such a common name. Then why not waylay the old fellow and get the whole story, for Pickles hadn't professed to know much about it. Not that it mattered so much; as his brother was not concerned in it; still it would be interesting to hear what had actually happened. So Saracen's Walk could wait. He would stay where he was, to try to get a word with the old man first.

And after what seemed an age that bent figure reappeared, and, grumbling more audibly, picked up the dustbin and went toward some shrubs at the side. Trytton gave him time to get through the shrubs, then followed.

Behind the shrubs he heard panting and grunting exertions, and when he dropped on his knees and peered he found himself regarding a patch of charred earth. So this was clearly where they brought their rubbish to be burned.

The old man had turned out his heap and was putting a match to it. Trytton waited till the leaves were crackling and smoking then slipped through the shrubs and, touching him on the shoulder, breathed his name softly.

"May I speak to you for half a second?" he added.

With a growl of surprise the other looked up. "You startled me!" he muttered. "What do you want? Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing here?"

"That's a lot to ask in a breath," Trytton told him. "But you are the gardener here, aren't you? And your name is Fitch?"

"Wrong!" said the ancient, with a snap of crusty amusement. "I ain't no gardener, bless you. I don't know the name of one flower from another. I does odd jobs."

"But all the same your name is Fitch," Trytton smiled.

Continued on the next page

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"And if it be," the old gentleman answered guardedly, like one who grudges giving anything away, "and if so be it," he repeated in slow, dubious accents, "it ain't no concern of yours, what I can see, young 'un." And down he creaked on all fours to blow at the base of his bonfire.

"I'll help you," Trytton chirped, and went down as well. "You blow from this side, I'll blow away from the other."

So there they were, on their hands and knees, with their heads touching almost and the thick smoke between them. It came swirling out pungently. It was so strong it made Trytton cough.

But gradually some yellow flame came: then less and less smoke.

"That'll do it," said Trytton's companion, and rose to his feet, where he stood and began to pare a plug of tobacco, watching Trytton all the time with cautious blue eyes. Peering out from a puckered face the colour of mahogany, these eyes looked bluer than any Trytton remembered.

"I say!" he insisted. "Your name is Fitch. Isn't it? Honestly?"

"Well it might be," the old man conceded. "And again it might not. But you haven't told me, my cock-sparrow, what you're doing here?"

"Trespassing," answered the cock-sparrow, his head on one side.

He liked this old chap. He liked his grumbling and surly amusement. His bark, he fancied, would be worse than his bite.

"Trespassers will be prosecuted," quoth Mr Fitch solemnly. "Suppose I fetch a pitchfork to you. What then?"

"But you won't," laughed Trytton. "Oh, I wonder if you'd mind telling me whether it was you who had charge of the ferry once?"

On this a certain change crossed the old man's gnarled face; he looked put out; the subject seemed visibly unwelcome. "Ferry?" he questioned, heaping more leaves on the fire. "Mebbe, I'm the same Fitch. Mebbe, I'm not. Well, and why, youngster?"

"Because if you are," said Trytton, "and I'm sure you are, you can tell me what happened—"

"Last June?"

"Yes, last June," cried Trytton.

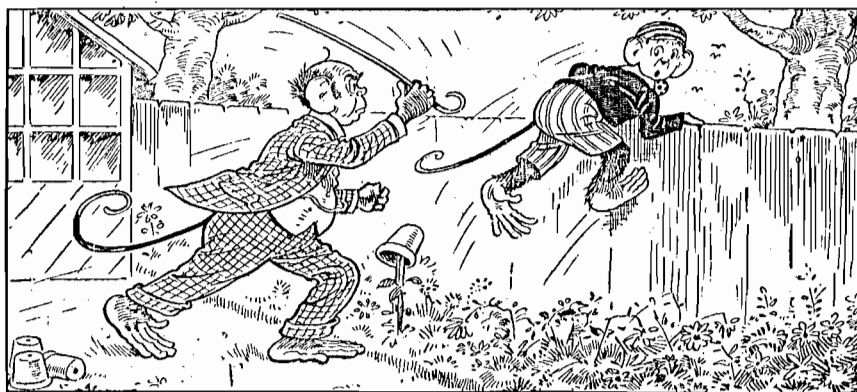
The old man growled. "That I can't," he answered deliberately. "What happened happened, and I've finished talking

Continued in the last column

JACKO GETS HALF WAY

Jacko wasn't at all pleased to hear that the house next door was let at last.

It had been empty so long that he had grown to regard the garden at least as his special property. It was a nice, untidy, overgrown bit of garden, and in one way and another Jacko had had a good deal of satisfaction out of it.



"Can't!" groaned Jacko. "I'm caught"

He regarded the arrival of the new tenant as a personal insult; and said so to his friend Chimp.

But Chimp was thinking of something else. "I got this this morning," he said, holding out his hand.

It was a cricket ball, brown and shiny and in the pink of condition.

Jacko inspected it gravely.

"Looks new," he said.

"Almost," agreed Chimp.

"Let's try it," said Jacko.

They couldn't wait to go to the common. Jacko got his bat, took up his position in the middle of the lawn, and challenged Chimp to pitch him one.

Chimp pitched. The ball flew out; Jacko caught it squarely, gave it a

mighty swipe, and sent it soaring gaily over the fence into the next garden.

There was a crash of broken glass. Then silence.

"Greenhouse!" breathed Chimp.

"Serve him right," said Jacko, remembering his old grievance.

"I want my ball," said Chimp.

"I'll get it," said Jacko, making for the fence.

He was up and over in a twinkling; he picked up the ball, and was running back to the fence with it when an angry voice cried: "Hi! Stop!"

"No fear!" murmured Jacko, putting on a spurt.

He leaped at the fence and sprang up.

"Come on!" cheered Chimp.

"Can't," groaned Jacko; "I'm caught."

He was: caught fast, on a great nail. He tugged himself free—but not before the indignant neighbour had given him a sound thrashing.

And when his father caught sight of the huge rent in his breeches Master Jacko got another.

about it. We all of us has our bad luck at times. As you'll learn."

Trytton considered this answer. "Yes, I know," he rejoined. "It was bad luck on you—"

"It was that," mumbled Fitch.

"But I want to know, please—"

"Fitch! Fitch!"

It was the call from the house again, loud and insistent.

The old man straightened his back and glanced at his bonfire. "They never give you a moment's peace," he uttered morosely. "And if you take my advice you'll make yourself scarce."

And off he hobbled, muttering "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Over and over he muttered it in a gruff undertone, all the way up to the steps of the house.

As there seemed to Trytton no use in waiting any longer he proceeded with his first errand. He was thinking while he made his way past some greenhouses how curious this encounter with Fitch had been, following so closely, as it did, on the heels of that worry which, happily, his inquiries had driven away now. Yet strange, he reflected, that he should meet Fitch just then, almost as though his steps had been led to the old man.

After the greenhouses he found himself on some grass again, and in front of him the wall he had spied from the bungalow's toolshed.

He was well at the back of the house now. "Good!" he ejaculated. Kitchen windows! From them he must not be spotted. So, bent almost double, he came to the foot of the wall and followed it along in search of the door. Ah, here it was! A little olive-green door, opening straight, if only he could get through, into all the mystery of Saracen's Walk. Not that there was much mystery in boxwood, however cunningly trimmed and cleverly clipped; but once within one could picture, perhaps, Judge Jeffrey's fugitives and almost hear their throbbing breath as they fled. And one could picture the staunch old doctor, smoking his pipe there, in his ruffles and knee-breeches, with that secret smile of his.

Trytton tried the door.

It was locked, as he had expected. He set his toe to the crumbling wall and gripped with his fingers.

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If You Are a Radio Enthusiast

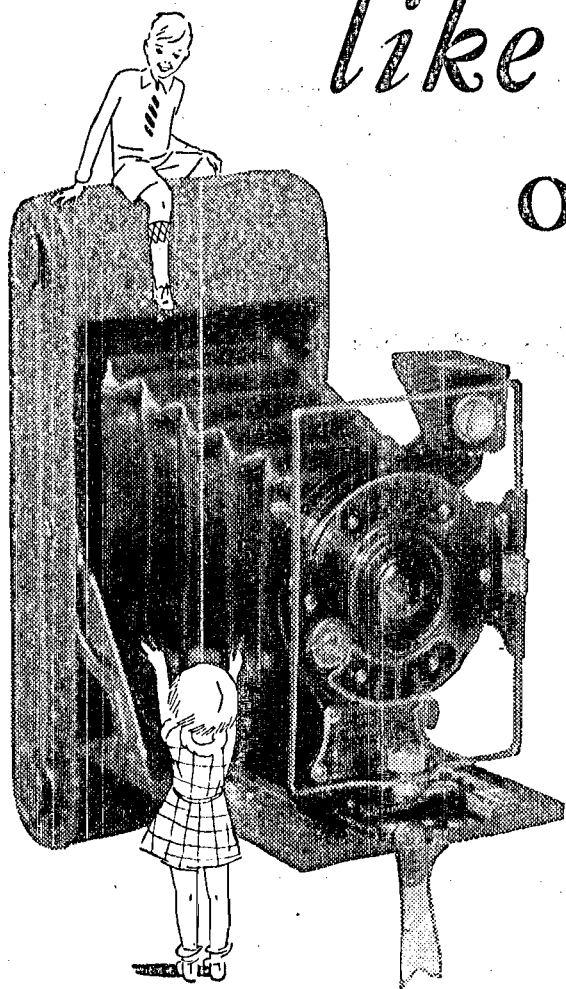
you need POPULAR WIRELESS, for it will help you in countless ways. Every aspect of wireless is dealt with week by week in the pages of this essentially practical journal. If you have any particular problem—if your set is not producing the best possible results—write to POPULAR WIRELESS. A staff of expert contributors is at your service. In every issue they will give you particulars of the newest and latest developments in the world of Radio. This useful paper will help you to get the best out of your wireless set.

POPULAR WIRELESS

Every Thursday 3d.

WIN A CAMERA

like this—with a snap of yourself...



**25 (All-distance) Folding Ensigns
FOR SNAPS OF BOYS AND GIRLS**

Just look at this camera—a wonderful All-distance Folding Ensign, taking brilliant pictures $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ —not only ordinary snaps but splendid close-up portraits. Wouldn't you be proud to own it? Think what fun you could have with it during the coming summer.

SO SIMPLE AND EASY

Any boy or girl under the age of sixteen can enter this competition, providing they are eaters of Grape-Nuts. All you have to do is send in the jolliest snap of yourself you can find, together with your reasons, set out in less than 50 words, for liking Grape-Nuts. Two tops from Grape-Nuts packets must accompany each entry. If you do not eat Grape-Nuts already, ask Mother to buy you a packet to-day. It's the most delicious breakfast food you ever tasted—wonderful for making you stronger and fitter.

All-distance Ensign, taking pictures at all distances from 3 ft. upwards. Synchro shutter for Time, Bulb and Instantaneous exposures. Direct and reflex view finders. Simple loading.



WHAT IS GRAPE-NUTS!

Grape-Nuts is wheat and malted barley in crisp crunchy kernels. It has a wonderful flavour all its own and is so nutritious, so rich in energy that you cannot help but play better and work better if you eat it every day. It is wonderfully good for your teeth, too.

YOU HAVE LOTS OF SNAPS LIKE THESE. ONE OF THEM MAY EASILY WIN ONE OF THESE FINE CAMERAS.

Read these Rules before you Enter.

- 1 Any boy or girl may enter, provided they are not over the age of 16.
- 2 Each snap must have written on the back of it, the name, address and age of the sender.
- 3 Each must have attached to it a sheet of paper headed "Why I like Grape-Nuts" and bearing at the top the name and address of the sender. The "reasons why" must not exceed 50 words in length, and must be written on one side of the paper only.
- 4 Each snap must also be accompanied by two pieces cut from the tops of Grape-Nuts packets, each bearing the printed signature "C. W. Post."
- 5 Any number of snaps may be entered, providing each is accompanied by two of these signatures.
- 6 The prizes will be awarded for what the judges consider the most interesting snaps. The decision of the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd., must be accepted as final, and no correspondence can be entered into.
- 7 No Snaps can be returned.
- 8 Proof of posting cannot be accepted by the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd. as proof of receipt.
- 9 It is understood that any snap for which a prize is awarded may be used and reproduced by the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd. as they think fit, with the "reasons why" accompanying it.
- 10 Names and addresses of winners will be published in the "Children's Newspaper" and "My Magazine."

All entries should be addressed to "Snapshot Competition C.N.2" Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, to arrive not later than June 30th. There will be an exactly similar competition in July, and entries arriving after June 30th will be taken as entries for the July competition.

Grape-Nuts

MADE IN CANADA

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 6, 1931 Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

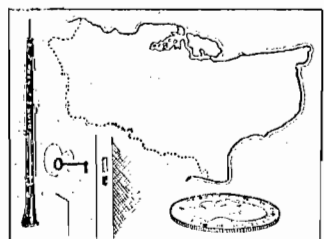
THE BRAN TUB

Find the Number
WHAT number multiplied by three and a quarter gives the same result as four and a half times sixty-five? *Answer next week*

Mistakes of the Great
IN 1497 John Cabot reported that he had by sailing westward discovered "the mainland of the kingdom of the Great Khan of China." He landed, and although he saw no people he found some traps set to catch game which he brought back to England.

Actually he had not reached China at all; the land he discovered was Labrador.

A Picture Word-Square



THESE pictures represent four words which, when written one below the other, in the right order, form a square of words.

Answer next week

More Magic Figures

HERE are four little multiplication sums:

8169	6819	5817	3094
3	3	6	7
21507	20457	34902	21658

At first sight they appear to be quite ordinary, simple sums, but the curious fact about them is that each one contains all the digits from 0 to 9. Perhaps some of our readers know similar sums with division, subtraction, addition, or with money sums.

When Birds Drink Dew

DURING long spells of dry weather birds often find it difficult to get water to drink.

When the previous day has been hot, and the night clear, every blade of grass in the morning droops with the weight of dew-drops. On such mornings the birds will pass through the grass, turning this way and that, at each step sipping a bead of dew. Small birds, too, can be seen drinking dew that has collected in the leaves of trees and shrubs. It is fortunate for the birds that the finest, driest weather is associated with the heaviest dewfall.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

It was a long time since the Aspinall family had been able to afford a summer holiday, but this year Mr Aspinall had promised the children that he would take them camping.

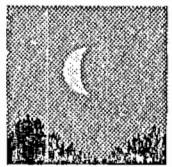
Mr Aspinall had a large parsonage in Hampshire to keep up, and as there had never been much money to spare.

But this year there was great excitement over the holiday preparations. At last the day for their departure arrived. Everything was packed into the car and a small trailer behind, and the family drove off in style.

They chose a delightful spot for their camp, not too far from the sea, and by evening everything was ready.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the North-West, and Mars and Neptune are in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, June 10.



Scot Free

WHEN we say that someone has got off "scot free" we mean that a wrongdoer has escaped punishment. But to be precise the term should refer to one who has avoided payment of a tax, or rate, or contribution, for it comes from the French *escot*, meaning a share of a common expense.

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters across to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, will make the name of a winged insect.

*****	Lovely
*O*****	Provided with
O***	Encourage
O**	Repeat
****O*****	Woodworker
*****O*****	Pass through
*****O*****	Prodigal
*****O*****	Amusing
*****O*****	Inquisitiveness

Answer next week

The Bear at the Pole

TRY this problem on a friend. A polar bear walks ten and a quarter miles due South from the North Pole, and then turns sharply East, and walks another sixteen and a half miles in that direction. How far is he from the Pole after that?

If your friend begins to work this out on a piece of paper point out to him that while the bear keeps walking due East he will always be the same distance from the Pole—ten and a quarter miles.

I el On Parle Français



Le tambour Le scaphandrier La porte
Ran-plan-plan! C'est le tambour.
Le scaphandrier vient de plonger.
La porte est restée entr'ouverte.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

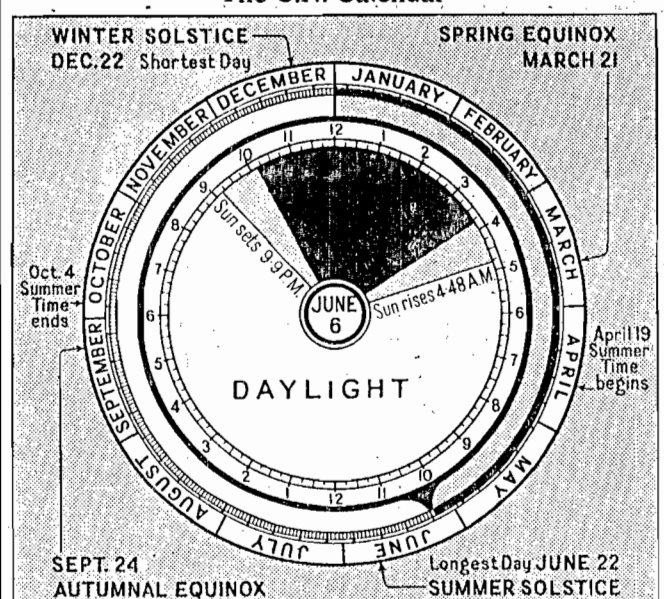
A Question of Weight

Engine 6½ tons, carriage 3 tons.
Linked Squares Changed Word
TAR-GET Rose-hose,
are era ruse, rope,
red tap Ross.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

R	O	S	E	M	O	L	A	R	U	R	N	S
U	S	G	R	I	N	R	E	P	P	E	E	
S	I	P	I	R	E	E	S	E	T	A	N	
T	E	R	R	O	R	I	N	S	E	R	T	
R	A	Y	O	A	S	I	S	A	N	S	E	
A	Y	O	U	R	S	T	E	R	N	E	A	
F	R	E	T	S	P	A	L	D	E	I	G	N
T	A	R	S	A	S	S	E	T	E	S	P	Y

The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 6. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

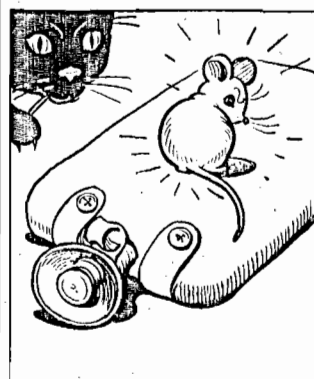
What a Car Does

SMITH: Since taking up motoring I've found an appetite.
Jones: Splendid.
Smith: I'm not so sure. I can't afford to eat so much now.

Every Time

THEY were looking at a pattern book of wallpapers.
"I think I'll have this for my room," said Betty.
"You must wait for Father to say," said her mother. "He must have a voice in these matters."
"He has, Mater; the invoice."

Perilous Ease



MR MOUSE, who was fond of the heat, Discovered a nice, cosy seat. But the place was too hot, Thomas Cat he forgot; And he soon beat a hasty retreat.

Work Shy

THE tramp approached the dear old lady with a request for help. Her heart was touched, and as she gave him sixpence she asked him if he had ever been offered work.

"Only once, lady," replied the tramp. "Apart from that I've received nothing but kindness."

In the Soup

THE diner was not too pleased. "I don't like this soup," he said. "It tastes just like water. Anyway, what do you call it?"
"The chef calls it young chicken soup, sir," replied the waiter.
"Oh, I see; the water the eggs were boiled in."

Terrible

FATHER was reading his daily paper. "It reports here," he said, "that Mrs Blank has been fined for bringing into the country some Eau de Cologne."
"That so, Dad?" replied Young Hopeful. "Apparently she couldn't throw the Customs officials off the scent."

A CHEAP HOLIDAY

When they reached the police station Mr Aspinall asked the Inspector if they had heard anything about the loss of a trunk.

"I should think we have," replied the man. "The owner has been telephoning all along the road trying to get news of it. It came unstrapped from the back of her car. It seems it has some very valuable possessions in it. I expect you know, sir," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "that she has offered a reward of fifty pounds for any information leading to its recovery."

"Fifty pounds!" repeated Mr Aspinall. "This is good news. Well! well!" he added, chuckling, "it's the cheapest holiday I have ever had!"

DO YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH AT BEDTIME?



If you go to bed without brushing your teeth every night you run the risk of tooth-ache sooner or later; and that is not only painful but also keeps you from being as well as you might be.

So, clean your teeth at least twice a day, morning and evening—evening is the most important.

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

fill in and post the coupon below and a sample will be sent for you to use every evening for at least a week.

COUPON To Euthymol (Dept. 81, A.A.), 50, Beak St., London, W.1.
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol Tooth Paste.
Name.....
Address.....
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

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